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LIGHT.

BY CONSTANCE KILMAN.

Lord, send thy light
Not only in the darkest night,
But in the shadowy, dim twilight.
Wherein my strained and aching sight
Can scarce distinguish wrong from right—
Then send Thy light.

Teach me to pray,
Not only in the morning gray,
Or when the moonbeam's silver ray
Falls on me—but at high noonday,
When pleasure beckons me away,
Teach me to pray.

THE HAPPY END.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"RICHARDS, are there any peaches?"

At the sound of the earnest voice close to his elbow Richards put down his rush basket and rubbed his head meditatively.

"Well, no, miss; I be afeared there ain't one," he answered, in accents of profound mournfulness, looking down at the slight figure with an air of respect and protection that was very quaint. "I do believe now as the last were gathered last Sunday, when the lawyer gentleman came down from London to see the Captain, and stopped to dinner afterwards."

Deletia Ormsby's small grave face looked more serious. She was pale and scarcely of a height to match her eleven years—not exactly pretty, except with the beauty inseparable from very early youth; but there was a look of care and anxiety in the great gray eyes that shone out from under her little shabby garden-hat of faded straw—a look that smote the looker-on with compassion; it was so out of place in one so small and young.

"Oh, dear," sighed the childish voice, "what shall I do? Papa wanted some fruit with his coffee—it's the first thing he has seemed to fancy for days. And I felt so sure those peaches were still on the wall!"

Tears made the gray eyes still brighter for a minute; then they were furtively brushed away with a small brown hand. But Richards had seen the movement.

"Theer, theer!" he said hastily, making a vague dab in the direction of his young mistress with the mat basket he still held firmly clutched. "Now don't go for to mind, 'tain't no manner o' use. I'll get 'ee the peaches—gardener over to the Chase 'll let me have 'em, sure enough. Not that"—with a sudden touch of professional jealousy—"they'er are any better nor ours, for all their pits and orchard-houses, which they may have been fine enough in their day; but what's the odds when you can't keep them heated? When all's said and done, the Chase ain't so much better off nor the Grange—that I'll take my davy!"

"Isn't it?"—Deletia's gray eyes turned rather pityingly towards the line of elm-tops that marked the boundary-line between the Chase park and their own few barren acres. "Ah, I'm sorry; for then they must be very poor, Richards!" Then, as she noticed some curling smoke that rose up above the billowy green of the elms and lost itself in lazy wreaths against the clear blue of the cloudless sky—"Why, is anybody there, do you suppose, Richards?"

"T' young master, I suppose."

"What, Sir Adrian?"

Deletia was too polite to express her surprise at such a singular title for the bent old baronet with his scanty silver clocks. Richards was very old too; perhaps Sir Adrian seemed like a "young master" to him.

"Lor' save us, no, missie! 'Tis the nephew—him as is the heir, the sojer chap, with another young spark as has come down wi' him for the shootin'. Stokes was a-tellin' o' me yesterday that he'd have to be out beating the covers. Ah, the parties I remember in the good old days! Hunt breakfasts and the like every day—and every soul in pink. As for the bags—bless my soul, the whole air was crackin' with shots! And balls every night—the house just choke full o' gentry. That was in the old Sir's time—this here one's father. Same it was with us in your great-grandpa's days. Company comin' and company goin', and the door shut on none. I remember when your gran'pa brought his bride home—a beautiful young lady she was, an' no mistake. 'Tis said the young Sir at the Chase wanted her—him as is Sir Adrian now; but, whether or no, there was grand doin's. We'd an ox, whole, roasted on the green, and long tables set in the dry moat; and the beer and cider flowed like the common water of the ditch—ay, they did so!"—and Richards paused in silent ecstasy to contemplate that vision of past enjoyment.

"It must have been very grand indeed!" said Deletia, with her quaint little air of elderly gravity. "I should have liked to see the village people feasting. And was Sir Adrian vexed at my grandpapa for marrying the lady he wanted for himself, I wonder?"

"Lor', now, to think o' your askin' that! Why, what could have put it into your head? To be sure he was! But I could never see his reason, nor the sense o' it. There never was the woman born in this wicked world that was worth a man's breakin' his sleep for. If you can't get the one you fancies—why, up and take another, says I! As to any man that Providence has blessed with his fair share o' brains worritin' arter a wench he can't have when there's fifty would jump at him for the asking—well, that I never could swallow! But there, gentlefolk's ways is queer, and no mistake! Sir Adrian never come anigh this gate arter that day, though he and your grandpa they'd been cronies for years. 'Twas cuttin' off his nose to spite his face, says I, when he might ha' made one at the bridal feast and had his fill o' that fizzy wine that looks like cider, but they calls it sham. Not that I would thank you for any sham cider when I'd got the real—and real it was that day! Why, the big vault cellar was full to the roof wi' kegs and hogsheads; and 'twas drink and come again as oft as you would!"

Once more the old man paused to let his enraptured fancy dwell upon those enchanted times. Then he shook his head slowly and sadly and picked up his spade from the ground at his feet.

"Well, well, what's o'er is o'er!" he said, with philosophic stifling of regret. "T' cellar's bare enough now, and has been this many a year; and neither Chase nor Grange can pay the piper when they're fain to dance. Ay, ay; and even we haven't peaches without goin' to a D'Eyncourt for 'em! Don't you fret, missie; I'll go arter 'em this minute." And Richards shambled off towards the little wicket-gate that led into the footpath to the Chase plantations.

Deletia walked back very thoughtfully into the old, low, gray stone house.

It was a strange setting for the little figure, itself so strange and unchild-like in the old-fashioned frock made like an old woman's bed-gown. Outside the house, where Deletia and Richards had been standing, was an old walled garden, where tangled shrubs and overgrown hedges did their best to choke out of existence the few hardy rose-trees and carnations which still struggled for life in the borders. A few gray fruit-trees, almost past bearing, stretched their venerable boughs upon the lichen stained wall, and the broken sun-dial in the middle of the terrace faced the remnants of what had once been a tiny fountain.

Beyond the garden—which at the farther end was without a wall and gave an open view of a ragged bit of meadow and the woods of Ewehurst Chase—stretched the moat which encircled the old gray house, now dry and green with wild vegetation, but still possessed of its venerable drawbridge—never raised, as was testified by the great bolts rusted in their sockets and the fragments of broken chain that dangled uselessly from their posts.

There was still sunlight in the garden, though the golden beams lay long and low, and the September afternoon was drawing near to its close. But, as Deletia opened the little half-glass door and stepped into the broad hall, sunlight gave place to gloom.

It was a long panelled hall, paved with great squares of black and white marble, and ending in a row of carved oak columns, between which was a handsome staircase, constructed of oak also. But the marble pavement was cracked and broken here and there; there were dark cobwebs waving from the black rafters and staircase; panelling and carved stone fireplace were grimed with long neglect. A broken Chippendale press stood in a dark corner, and a marble-topped table, tottering on three unequal legs, held a paraffin lamp which stood ready for lighting.

Deletia peeped in at the door of the one habitable room, which served for dining-room, study, and boudoir—a very scantily-furnished and ill-provided place for any of those purposes, but over which she spent infinite pains to make it home-like.

It was empty, and the handful of coals and wood on the hearth was smouldering drearily. Deletia went down upon her knees, bellows in hand, and presently was rewarded by a bright tongue of leaping flame, which began to shoot up the black wide chimney.

Then she started off again and turned, without knocking, the handle of a door in a small passage which crossed the hall at right angles.

It was a strange place, in wild and bewildering disorder. The heavy doors and window-shutters, of exquisitely-grained pollard oak, had once been polished and clamped with open-work brass; but now they hung loosely on their hinges, so battered and dust-stained that they might have been the merest deal.

A common kitchen table occupied the middle of the floor, a high beautifully-inlaid writing-table stood beside the fireplace, with a broken-seated chair before it; and on shelves, tables, chairs, and rickety sofa, with its faded and torn satin covering, were hung or piled an indiscriminate collection of books, farm implements, bags of grain, ends of harness, and rubbish of a most heterogeneous character.

Amongst all this bewildering heap of things a tall man of middle age was slowly pacing, deep in thought, both hands behind him, and his eyes bent upon the uncarpeted floor. At the sound of the opening door, he raised his head with a smile.

"So, my little Dell," he said, a look of pleasure lighting up his worn but still handsome face—"there you are, my little maid! I've had a busy afternoon, I can tell you—composed nearly a whole chapter of my great work on the Mutiny! What do you think of that, eh?"

"Oh, papa darling"—Deletia's voice was full of reproach as she slipped her little hand within the arm nearest to her and looked up into the face bent down to hers, "what makes you stay in this dreary cold room? Come away into the Lady's Bower; there's a nice bright fire there, and I am going to make you some hot buttered toast to have with your coffee. You'll catch a cold if you stay here, and be ill again."

"Cold? Not I!" Captain Ormesby's voice was still as bright and cheery as it had ever been—the voice of a far more courageous and undaunted man than he really was. With that voice one would have expected to conquer destiny; but Captain Ormesby had had his one fight with fate and had been beaten, and henceforth all struggle was at an end for him.

It was the old story, so often told, yet so sad in its repetition—the tale of broken fortunes and a ruined house—the sins of the fathers and the punishment of the children.

Gerald Ormesby had come, on reaching manhood, into the inheritance of an old name, an estate heavily mortgaged, and a house once as stately as the family pride, but now, even in its crumbling decay, far beyond his means and his power to keep up. He found himself in possession of a commission in the Queen's Own Borderers—then in India—of a gentle girl wife in fragile health, and burdened with the weight of his father's and grandfather's debts.

The Ormesbys were not a race of gamblers or dissolute profligates; they were only too open-handed and reckless in their hospitality. But the effect was much the same as if the cause had been less innocent; and the heir to Ormesby Grange was poorer than the lowest farm-laborer on his estate.

There were a few years of struggle—of trying to live on a pay which neither instinct nor training helped Captain Ormesby to find sufficient for his barest wants; and then the sickly little wife died and left him, well nigh crazed with grief, with Deletia as his one care and hope in life.

He promptly left the Army—everybody said there was nothing else for him to do. Soldiering was over for him, like everything else that had once been dear to him. And ever since he had led the life of a hermit in the old house, dreaming away the days in happy contemplation of the great work he meant to give to the world some day—a book that should astonish every one when it appeared.

How Deletia had been brought up to her present mature estate nobody quite knew. There was a deaf old woman in the kitchen who had been her nurse in earlier days and who now served as general and perfectly inadequate factotum in all domestic departments. Deletia had long since ignored her irresolute rule, and had taken such ragged reins of household government as existed into her own hands. It was she who tried so pathetically to smooth the path of life for her father's halting purposeless steps—who endeavored, with almost painful anxiety, to banish every care and worry from his existence.

For the past year or two Captain Ormesby had given way to invalid habits more than ever, and let himself sink into ways that plainly showed any one more experienced than little Deletia that his health was failing in reality. To her the change came so slowly that it was almost

unnoticed. Once he used to walk to the village to fetch his own letters; now he never went beyond the gar en wall. Formerly he used only to have his cup of chocolate and his roll in bed, where it was always her proud task to carry them, and arrange the fine old Dresden china on the tiny table with its faded but spotless cover by his side; now he seldom came downstairs before the afternoon, and not always then.

Even Molly in the kitchen and Richards in the garden knew that "t' master was fallin' fast and farin' strange." It was only the one heart on earth to whom Gerald Ormesby's going would mean the loss of all life's joy that was unconscious of what was coming.

The daily lessons still went on, a little perfunctorily perhaps; but they had never been conducted with that regularity which is considered necessary to success. Deletia's father had been her only tutor since the days when he pointed out the letters in her spelling-book with the point of his riding-whip, and the baby tones lisped their names obediently after him. He had taught her her Latin grammar very fairly, and by fits and starts a good deal of Euclid. She had had the run of all the tattered volumes in the library since she was old enough to climb upon a stool and drag them out with considerable effort and exertion.

At an early age she had Pope's Iliad at her finger-ends, had read Josephus with some wonder, wept over Undine, and was just beginning with absorbed interest Shakspere and Chaucer—the latter with some amount of difficulty. But, as for music, modern languages, fancy-work, and the small elements of accomplishment that go to the forming of a modern maiden's education, Deletia was still as profoundly untaught as if she had been born and bred in the wilds of Central Africa.

CHAPTER II.

"PAPA darling, did you know smoke looked bluer when it was against trees than when it was all by itself?"

The curtains were drawn in the Lady's Bower—curtains once crimson in hue and rich in texture, now faded and almost threadbare. Deletia well knew the delicate handling they needed to keep them from exhibiting ghastly rents every time they were drawn or replaced.

The fire had burned up at last, and the flames lighted up the dusky corners of the dark panelled room, which the small cheap lamp failed to illumine. It was a magic glow, which hid patches and darns in the carpet, defects in the scanty furniture, and gave the Lady's Bower the look of comfort that must once have belonged to it. Even the painted nymphs on the damp-stained ceiling seemed to assume the freshness of renewed youth, and to smirk and simper down from their cloud couches as they had not done since the Regency.

The red light shone upon Captain Ormesby's still handsome face, toning down the look of ill-health that had grown so habitual of late. As he lay back in the roomy, square, old arm-chair, covered with frayed satin that had once been silver and blue, the little table at his side adorned with Richards' promised peaches and a tiny vase of roses, the unnatural look of premature age seemed to have faded from his features and to have left him only in the prime of life again.

On the wide hearth knelt Deletia, scorching her face with the leaping flame as she gave all her attention to bringing to the point of perfection the slice of bread she was toasting, with only a glance downwards now and then at the teapot that was keeping warm in the fender—all the plate of the Ormesby family had found a silent grave in the melting-pot very long before.

Deletia's eyes were fixed upon the curling smoke which wreathed its way up the wide chimney and suggested to her dreamy thought the blue smoke that had hung so lazily over the tree-tops of the Chase that afternoon.

"Did I know smoke looked bluer against trees?" Captain Ormesby came back with a start from a probable revision of the last chapter of that still unwritten book of his on the Mutiny. "Why, little woman, what put that into your wise head, I should like to know?"

"Oh, it's only because I saw the smoke over the trees in the Chase this afternoon, and I don't think I ever noticed it before!"

"Smoke from the Chase?" Captain Ormesby sat up now, erect enough. "Why, is Sir Adrian expected home, little one? It's not often one sees signs of life over there nowadays."

"Oh, no"—Deletia's quick ear caught the slight symptoms of irritation—"it's not Sir Adrian! Richards said it was the heir—only I don't quite know what that meant—a soldier, he said; and he has come down with a friend for the shooting. Richards said he wasn't old; he called him 'the young master.'

"Oh, ay! Alured D'Eynecourt—in the Artillery, the boy is! So he's old enough to be bringing friends down for the shooting, is he? Well, well, how time goes! It seems only yesterday since the bells were ringing for his birth, and that must be twenty years ago and more! Well, I hear he's a good sort of boy—better than his grandfather. It's a pity there's no better chance before him than the old one—gilded starvation and dignified pauperism."

Deletia knew that tone of bitterness so well. She glanced up at the face above her with a little stifled sigh. Now the toast was ready, and perhaps he would eat it and the peaches and forget all about the D'Eynecourts' fortunes; but Captain Ormesby was not to be turned from the subject.

"There's a curse on this quarter of the county," he said, leaning forward with his elbows on the arms of the old chair, and stroking his long moustache with his lean brown fingers—"a curse, I'm certain. Why else should two houses side by side be like this and the Chase—two families beggars and marked out for trouble? My lot has been bad enough, Heaven knows; but, if there's a toss-up between the two, the worst lies with the D'Eynecourts. I don't speak of Sir Adrian; the man's an absolute monomaniac who has made it the business of his life to visit upon every one who bears the name of Ormesby his disappointment at my mother's marriage—your grandmother, little Del, the beautiful lady whose miniature is in the cabinet in the study, you know. The man who quarrels with a woman's choice must be a fool, and no mistake; but D'Eynecourt never forgave her for marrying my father; nor my father for securing her. Why, even I am unpardonable for being son to her; and, as for you, delight of my heart"—laying his hand lovingly upon the girl's head, with its floating locks of soft hair—"as for you, I dare say he would hate you for being a girl-descendant of hers and bearing her name."

Deletia's simple supper of oatmeal porridge was cooling on the sideboard; but she never gave it a thought. When her father was once embarked on a subject in which he took an interest, there was no stopping him.

"Yes," he went on, "there has been no friendliness between the Chase and the Grange for the past fifty years, and yet before that—you wouldn't believe it now, Deletia—the D'Eynecourts and Ormesbys were comrades in arms and friends in peace from the time of the Conquest downwards. All the Chase lands were ours once. There has been a house with Ormesbys in it on this very spot from the days of Alfred or before; but, when the D'Eynecourts came—he was one of the Conqueror's favorites—the land was taken from its old owners to make an estate for the new lords. Ormesby estate was still freehold and left to its old holders; but the D'Eynecourts were lords of the manor, and so they are down to the present day. The Grange was never half so fine a place as the Chase, nor were its owners so rich; and yet you see, little Del, there has been but one end for them both—genteel beggary. Worse for the D'Eynecourts, after all, perhaps, for, though they had more left out of the wreck, they'd more to keep up. And, while the Grange goes after me to a brute of a distant cousin I don't care a brass farthing for and wouldn't try to leave a penny to if I had it, this boy is the very apple of his uncle's eye, they say; and it's the grief of his life that there's only a broken-down estate to go to him. Ah, well, perhaps the boy will carve out his fortunes with his sword and build up the old place once more! While, as for you and me, Del, the old stock ends with us, and there's no one to give the Ormesbys a title ever again to the world's respect."

His head sank wearily forward upon his breast, and in a moment Deletia rose.

"Papa, dear darling papa," she cried, taking the prematurely gray head between her hands and covering the care-worn forehead with kisses, "don't talk like that! What does it matter? It can't be only being rich having a good house that the world thinks about, though this is a beautiful house, I think. Won't people respect you if you're good, and brave, and honest, even if you haven't any money?"

Captain Ormesby looked, with a half-sad half-playful smile, into the serious eager eyes so close to his own.

"Goodness and bravery and honesty are such very prosaic virtues, you see, my dear little Del," he said, with a slight shrug of his spare shoulders; "the world thinks them rather at a discount. Now an unencumbered estate and a big banking account are things that distinctly appeal to its understanding. Look at the Grange and see the moral. Who thinks of disturbing the grass that grows through the gates, or troubles his head whether you and I are still in the land of the living? People would look upon any one as an amiable lunatic who suggested that we should be visited, or that any one should set foot over our threshold, even though our only crime is poverty. And yet even I remember the day when it was open house here, and Ormesby Grange hospitality was a proverb all the country round. One never knew, in the shooting season, how many would sit down to dinner; and, as for the hunt breakfasts—bless my soul, the whole county was free to come and go, and I'm bound to say people were not slow to avail themselves of the chance! I've seen the hall and dining-room both filled their whole length with tables; and my father would go out every little while and bring in every one that arrived, whether he knew him or not. There were breakfast and a welcome for everybody. Ah, those were merry days, my little Del—days that were worth the living! I shall never know again the rush of mad delight one felt then, when one was young and full of hope, and the hounds were in full cry on a glorious morning, and one's best horse was under one."

He stopped short and let his hand fall nerveless by his side, while the brief light died out of his face and left it weary and languid as before.

Deletia saw the change and hastened to divert his thoughts.

"Did you ride Lochnar then?" she asked, with a little sweet diplomacy, trying to turn his mind again to the brighter visions of the past. "Did he carry you when you went hunting and bring you in first at the death, dear?"

"Lochnar? Bless me, no! He's not a young horse, to be sure; but he's hardly such a patriarch as that, little girl. No, no! Lochnar belonged to your dear mother; he was her pet and favorite. She used to ride him every day of her life at Ooty the year before you were born, and she never had a horse she was fond of. He would come at her call like a spaniel and follow her about like a lap-dog. He never had his food from any other hands than hers; and, when she left us, he knew it as if he'd been a Christian, and whimpered after her for days and days. I could not part with him when I left the service, hard as it was to make both ends meet; I could not bear the thought of anything she had loved passing into a stranger's hold. I'd cut off my right hand rather than let him go! He's had a warm stable and his bit of paddock ever since; and, if it's a case of his wanting or mine, he sha'n't go without, any way. I'd suffer any privation rather than have him go to strangers! When my last hour comes, if he's still alive, I'll have him shot. No one else shall ever own or mount him—no one has since she did; no one else shall ever own what once was hers. See, little girl—you must remember and have him shot if I'm too ill to remind you. You must never let him go into any one else's keeping—do you hear?"

"Oh, yes!" Deletia's eyes were large and solemn, and her voice was awed. "I will, darling; you know I will! And now please do take your tea. The toast is getting soaked with the butter, and the tea is very much drawn; and, if you don't take it now, it won't be a bit nice, you know."

She spoke like a mother addressing an unreasonable baby, and Captain Ormesby yielded quite after the manner of a persuaded child.

"These are very good peaches," he said, after a long pause, during which he had peeled and languidly eaten one. "I always say there are no peaches that compare in flavor with our own. These are off the south wall; I should know them at the North Pole."

Deletia cast her eyes and bit her lip. She knew how ill he would take the knowledge of their real place of growth, and she had hoped with all her heart he would not think of it. But her honesty was too entire to let him be deceived.

"Dear papa," she said, faltering a little, but still speaking bravely, "these aren't ours. I'm so sorry; but we hadn't any, and Richards said he could get them for me, and I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Not ours!" Captain Ormesby looked up from his plate, surprised. "Then where on earth did Richards get them?"

"From the Chase, dear; you don't mind?" But apparently Captain Ormesby did.

He put his fork down and sank back in his chair with the weariness that was so habitual to him.

"They are not so good as I thought, after all," he said indifferently. "There's a bitter taste behind. Take them away, little girl; I sha'n't want any more."

And Deletia, with deep disappointment, was fain to obey. She cleared away the remains of their anything but rich repast and rang the bell for Molly. When that estimable domestic's last footsteps had clattered away into distant silence, through the echoing marble-paved hall, to the kitchen regions that seemed so far away, Deletia drew a stool close to her father's side and leaned her head up against his knee. His hand fell, as if mechanically, to its old place upon her soft hair; and in their usual evening attitude, and motionless, they sat there, watching the leaping flames in the chimney, but neither of them uttering a word.

Outside the wind had risen a little and was sighing softly round the corners of the old house. The cheap lamp shed its inefficient rays over the two as they sat there silent and motionless—a strange sad way of spending one's evenings; but to Deletia nothing seemed more natural or more common.

She had plenty to think about that night—subjects of thought more exciting than the usual topics of the morrow's pudding, or how she should coax her father to come out into the sunny garden for one of his now infrequent walks. There was the new interest—quite sufficient to form an episode in her uneventful life—of the visitors at the Chase, and a good deal of speculation to indulge in as to whether the mysterious "heir" was nice.

Her father had called him a boy. Did that word mean a boy really—one of her own age or so; or was it only the façon de parler all old people seemed to use about any one less well on in years than themselves? There was a delightfully novel sense of excitement in the idea of any one young so near at hand. Deletia was so unique a specimen of juvenility in her own world that it seemed to her it must be the most charming thing in existence to find some one of an age not too remotely removed from hers. Not that she had the faintest desire to see more of the young master at Ewehurst Chase than she did the smoke from the chimneys, or to meet him on any terms, equal or otherwise. She lived too entirely isolated a life even to contemplate the idea of such a thing with any pleasure. It was only the thought of another young life close at hand that was so interesting. There was such food for speculation in it. One could imagine a score of things—how he lived, what he studied, what he said and did.

Deletia's experience of men made her regard them in the light of somewhat helpless creatures, who were totally unable to steer their course through life without a woman's guiding hand; and she privately wondered how the "young master" could possibly be getting along with no mother or sister to manage matters for him. He was like herself—motherless, poor fellow; but then, worse still, he had not a father either! That must be indeed a lot whose desolation she could not fathom.

And then the last leaping flame began to lie down on the hearth; and Captain Ormesby roused himself with a sigh and murmured—

"Come, little girl; it is past bed-time, and you'll have pale cheeks to-morrow morning. Well, I've polished up those two last pages of to-day's chapter till I think they can't be improved. I'm well on now to the siege of Delhi—a most difficult part of the work, and one that will want great care. It's a stupendous undertaking—a vast undertaking, little one; but it will be a fortune for you when I'm gone, and be a better legacy for you than your little miserable pension. Come along, little woman; give me your arm, and we'll get along up-stairs together."

"Papa," she said, as they paused, as usual, at the first landing on the old shallow staircase to let him regain his breath, "what age do you think the boy at the Chase is? As old as I am, do you suppose?"

Captain Ormesby leaned on the old balustrade and looked down at her with the faint smile that was his nearest approach to mirth.

"As old as you, little girl!" he said. "Why, what is your age? A round dozen of years, or thereabouts, isn't it, eh? Why,

Alured D'Eynecourt is a young man now—three or four and twenty, I suppose, with a commission in Her Majesty's service. He's a gunner, and thinks himself a field-marshal, no doubt. What have you been puzzling your wise head about? Go to sleep and wake betimes. Good night, my little one; Heaven bless my heart's delight!"

And, with a last fond kiss on her forehead, he went into his room and closed the door behind him.

The night grew rougher as the hours went on. The wind, which had been sighing softly, began to rise and howl. By-and-by it was a regular storm; the wind raged about the old house as if it would fain tear it from its foundations.

Old Molly, sleeping the light sleep of old age, heard it, and woke and muttered a prayer before she turned over and dreamed again. But Deletia never heard it, though the diamond-paned casements rattled, the doors shook, and the trees without creaked and flung their arms about like things possessed. And no one saw the silent visitant that crossed the threshold of the slumbering house, nor knew the message with which he came, armed with an authority none could resist.

Morning broke brightly, the storm all over, and only the broken branches and scattered leaves telling a tale of what its violence had been. The grass shone with countless drops of water, which sparkled in the sunshine, and all the outer world seemed freshened into new life by the showers that had fallen.

"Papa can certainly get out to day," said Deletia to herself, as she took the little tray in hand to carry to his room; "I am sure it will do him good. How unlucky it was about the peaches, though! I don't know what we are to do! They were just the one thing he really liked; and now nothing will induce him to touch another."

She tapped gently at the old black oak door of his bedroom, but could hear no answer.

"How well he is sleeping this morning!" she thought gladly. "Lately he has been wakeful so early; this is a good change. Perhaps it was the storm; then I wish we would have one every night."

She opened the door gently and entered the half-dark room. The bed-curtains were pulled aside, and she could see his face on the pillow, turned from her and the eyes closed.

"Papa darling," she said, setting down the tray on its little table, "I have brought your chocolate. Wake up and take it while it is hot, dear. What a storm it was last night! Did it wake you? All the fence in the low meadow is down."

No answer came. Deletia bent nearer.

"Wake up, dear!" she repeated; and, stooping, she pressed her lips to his cold cheek.

There was a shriek, which rang through the house again and again; and old Molly found Deletia hanging like one crazed over all that was left of her father.

CHAPTER III.

"RICHARDS!".

"Yes, miss!" Richards looked up with a start from the bed of white roses over which he was stooping, gathering handfuls of the pure fair blossoms. The little figure at his side in her black frock looked slighter and more fragile than ever; and Richards, remote as was his work-a-day soul from any taint of poetry, could not help a vague idea crossing his mind that she was like nothing on earth so much as the fragrant white roses over which he was bending.

"Gather plenty, please, Richards." The child's voice was strangely calm and steady. "He is so fond of roses; I want to put heaps and heaps about him—as many as I can get. Then, when you've quite done, I want you to go to the village for me to get some things, please."

"Surely, miss!" But I'd best be home bedtimes, hadn't I, lest the heriot should be coming down and want to see the stable?"

"The heriot, Richards?" Deletia's tone was bewildered. "I don't know. What's that? I never heard of it. Is it something one ought to get when—when—when things like this come to one?" She steadied her breaking voice with an effort, and dashed away a tear from her pale cheek.

"Heriot, miss? Lor, miss!" Richard's astonishment nearly overcame his deference, and he turned and started at his little mistress as if she were a very unique production indeed. "Not hear tell of a heriot? Well, theer, I did think gentry knew most things! Why, then, you see, miss, as it's like this. When a gentleman is took like as it was with the poor master"—Richards considered it unmannerly to mention death in more particular terms—"the lord of the manor he's got the right to send down and take the best beast on the place for his own. Ofttimes there's two heriots, or more, and a deal of pushing and racing I've seen between 'em as to which one should get theer first and have the best pick. Howsomever, it's pure good luck theer ain't but one heriot on this here land; and Sir Adrian, he's the chap as owns it."

"Oh, Richards, is that true? How can they come and carry off other people's animals?"

"Well, I don't justly know." Richards rubbed his head as though to make comprehension easier. "All I do know is as how it's the la', miss; and there's no goin' agin that, nohow."

"But there is no animal here to take except the pig, Richards. What a pity the cow was sold last week! Sir Adrian might have liked her better, and she gave such a lot of milk. Do you think he'll think the pig worth taking, Richards? He must have a good many of his own already."

"It won't be the pig, I don't suppose—theer's no chance o' that, I should say.

"Why, there's nothing else, except the fowls and the cat!"

"There's Lochnar, missy."

"Lochnar!" Deletia echoed the name, horrified. "Oh, Richards, no, no; he can't have Lochnar! That can never be!"

"I'm afeard he'll do nought else, for my own part o't."

"But he mustn't—he can't! Lochnar must be shot—oh, poor darling Lochnar! But I promised papa, and it must be done. Mamma rode him, Richards, and no one else must ever own him. I promised papa last night—oh, was it only last night?—that no one should ever have him or mount him, and nothing shall ever make me change my word. Sir Adrian must have the pig; he can't have Lochnar!"

But Richards only shook his shock head mournfully.

"'Tain't in nature he'll give up the hoss," he said, with dejection. "Lochnar ain't young, but he's plenty of go left in him still, and I do expect as any one 'ud jump at him—that I do! It ain't in nature to take a mere or'nary pig, when you can have a likely hoss for the axing, is it now?"

But Deletia made no answer. She was standing on the box-bordered path, both hands locked together before her, and her eyes fixed upon the interlaced fingers. She did not even stir when Richards took up the spade and shuffled off towards the house with his big handful of nodding white roses. Deep in thought she stood there, her fine clear brows knitted in an anxiety which it was pathetic to see in a child like herself, until at last, as if with some sudden and settled decision, she threw up her little head abruptly, made two or three half-timid steps towards the tiny unhinged gate into the shrubberies, and then, with an air of resolution, pushed it open, slid through the narrow space thus afforded, and vanished hastily into the shadowy depths of Ewehurst woods.

Breakfast was laid in the south parlor at Ewehurst Chase. It was a charming old-fashioned room, quaint, with black rafters overhead, a chimney-piece all blue and white, Dutch tiles, and a wide bow-window opening to the floor, through whose parted doors one could look out upon the sunny fresh September morning to the neat terrace outside, with its carefully kept beds of geraniums and white and purple asters just coming into bloom, and the green of Ewehurst Park and woods as a background.

The table was spread with what, if it were not exactly a typical club breakfast, was at least plentiful and substantial fare, and the old china and silver made a setting that was in harmonious keeping with the high-backed Chippendale chairs and the high polished oak of floor and walls.

The little bronze clock on the tiled mantel was pointing to eleven o'clock, and yet the young men who constituted the breakfast-party had only just put in their tardy appearance.

"I say, Barrington," remarked the younger of the two, a well-set young fellow of two or three and twenty, with a handsome face, the beginnings of a dark moustache, and an honest pair of dark-blue eyes, which met those of the rest of the world frankly—"I say, this is awful! Reaction after early parade, with a vengeance! This doesn't look like partridges—not a little bit! Have some pie? Where are all those bags going we've been bouncing about all the way down? I'm afraid to show my disgraced head to the keeper at all to-day, aren't you?"

"You must give one time to get used to new surroundings," answered the person addressed as Barrington, a man some four or five years Alured D'Eynecourt's senior, and a much less attractive-looking individual—at least in the eyes of the other sex. He was beginning to "run into flesh," as he himself would have expressed it, and his face, red—not bronzed—with sunburn, and not redeemed from plainness even by its look of abounding good-nature, would have had no chance in the eyes of a woman beside D'Eynecourt's regular features and delightful smile. Yet men pronounced him "a rattling good fellow!"—and there was a bond of strong friendship between his subaltern and himself.

"You must let one settle," he went on, attacking the ham with an ardor which spoke well for his appetite. "Country air—the pure unadulterated article, you know—makes one so confoundedly sleepy, and it's always a pity to be too energetic the first morning—you run through all your excitement too quickly, you know. We'll take things gently to-day—have a look round at the stables and covers, and hear about the birds, and have out the guns and look at them. That will furnish occupation enough for the day, unless you're bent on being disgustingly energetic and obnoxious. Then, to-morrow, we can start fair, and get up at any unearthly hour you like. This isn't half a bad place of yours, Skiffins"—"Skiffins," for some mysterious reason, was D'Eynecourt's nickname in his own battery. "I reconnoitred this morning while I was dressing, and, by what I could see from my window, your lines seem to have fallen in pleasant places, my boy."

"It's not mine, nor likely to be for many a long day," returned D'Eynecourt, setting down his coffee-cup. "I don't want it to come to me at all soon, when it means the last of my uncle. He's been an awfully good old man to me, and I hope he'll live and flourish for years to come. Besides, in point of fact, Barrington, it's not the place it looks, by any manner of means. It's fearfully encumbered, and it's generally let to strangers because we can't afford to live here. My uncle hasn't been down for years; he potters about at his club in town, and can only just allow me enough to supplement my pay. I myself haven't been down since I went to Woolwich, and we've only got this chance at the birds now because the shooting isn't let this year. I don't expect Ewehurst Chase will ever be much more than a mill-stone round my neck."

"Hum!" uttered Barrington ocularly. "That's a bad look-out. We'll have to hunt you up an heiress, I see! Never mind; you've your profession before you—the finest one, and the finest branch of it in the service, say I! By-the-way, have you looked at the paper yet? What does the Gazette say this morning?"

"Oh, it's too early for the London paper—it hasn't arrived yet!"

"Turn up about dinner-time, I suppose, eh? Joys of a rural existence, and no mistake! Absolutely no news, then, of a morning?"

"Nothing—except of local interest. Ah, by-the-way, Trivett was much excited when he brought my water just now! It seems our next neighbor—pretty nearly the only neighbor in these regions—was found dead in his bed this morning."

Barrington whistled.

"Suicide?" he asked, with dawning interest.

"Ah, no—only heart! Queer fellow although, I believe! He was in the Borderers once upon a time, but retired as Captain when he lost his wife, and came to lead the life of a hermit at the Grange, close by. They're very old people here, and I think there was a good deal of intermarrying some generations back; but my uncle quarreled with this man's father, and we have had nothing to do with each other since. I remember him in the hunting-field when I was a lad at Harrow, but I've never seen him since."

"Any family?" Captain Barrington flicking a fly from the table with his serviette.

"One daughter I think Trivett said."

"Oh, I say, don't you think we might call and offer condolence?"

"Don't be frivolous! Especially as it's only a young person in pinafores. Poor little girl! I hope there's some one to look after her."

"If she were a few years older, I'd be delighted to offer," remarked Barrington, with feeling. "Hallo—I say—what in the name of fortune's that?"

"That" was the apparition at the open window of a small slight form in black, the great forlorn eyes looking larger and darker for the setting of the white face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

MAYFAIR.—Mayfair is a fashionable quarter of London, so called because of a fair held there which began on May 1st and lasted sixteen days, under a grant from James I. It was suppressed in 1708.

TEA-CADDY.—The word is a corruption of the Malay name of a Chinese weight, being the hundredth part of a "pikul" or man's load, and reckoned at a pound and a third avoidupois. The name of this weight is kati," usually written by Europeans "cattie" or "catty."

TO FIND OUT YOUR FUTURE HUSBAND.—At bedtime, having fasted since noon, two girls who wish to obtain a sight of their future husbands boil an egg; which must be the first egg ever laid by the hen, in a pan in which no egg has ever been boiled before. Having boiled it till it is hard, they cut it in two with something that has never been used as a knife before. Each girl eats half and its shell to the fragment, speaking no word the while; then, still in silence, they walk backward to bed, "to sleep, perchance to dream."

DOSE FOR DOSE.—In Beloochistan, when the physician gives a dose, he is expected to partake of a similar one himself, as a guarantee of his good faith. Should the patient die under his hands, the relatives, though they do not exercise it in all circumstances, have the right of putting him to death, unless a special agreement has been made freeing him from all responsibility as to consequences; while, if they should decide upon immolating him, he has no reasonable ground for complaint, but is expected to submit to his fate like a man.

ALPHABETS OF MANY LANDS.—The Sandwich Islands alphabet has twelve letters; the Burmese, nineteen; Italian, twenty-two; Bengalese, twenty-one; Latin, Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee and Samaritan, twenty-two each; Greek, twenty-four; French, twenty-five; German, Dutch, and English, twenty-six each; Spanish and Slavonic, twenty-seven each; Arabic, twenty-eight; Persian and Coptic, thirty-two; Georgian, thirty-six; Armenian, thirty-eight; Russian, forty-one; Muscovite, forty-three; Sanskrit fifty; and Ethiopic and Tartarian 202 each.

SNUFF-BOXES.—The British Museum contains many rare and beautiful snuff boxes of the last century, plain and enamelled, made of papier mache, horn, silver and gold, simple and complicated, large and small. Curious materials were sometimes used in the manufacture of these boxes. Some sixty years ago potato snuff boxes were in common use. They were made of potato pulp, which, mixed with some gutinous material, was pressed into moulds, dried, varnished and slightly fired. The best quality of potato boxes was made at Brunswick, and hence they were sometimes known as Brunswick boxes.

A QUEENS WILL.—Following is a copy of a will that was offered for probate in the Kings County, N. Y., Surrogate's Court, on Monday: "Charley and Harry each have 400, if there's enough; 5 to Ellen; 4 to Sam; 400 to youngest sister during life, then all Harry, pay 50 for coal; 5 to Mr. Moore, St. Felix; 10 to Mr. Barber; 17 gas bill. I wanted my oldest sister to have something if she outlived her husband. Oldest brother to have 400 to buy piece of land, ⅓ of it to go to Mary. This my last will and testament. Henrietta W. T——." The Surrogate rejected the will as being vague, incoherent and incomprehensible.

FERDINAND.—The first half of this word is fiorh, "youth" or "life;" the second half is a little uncertain, but may be conjectured to be probably nanth, "daring." It was the Spanish Goths who gave it its earliest vogue in the Peninsula as Fernando or Fernan. San Fernando, King of Castile, sent it on to Aragon, and thence to Naples, where it became Ferdinando, and figures in "The Tempest" accordingly as Ferdinand. With Ferdinand and Isabella its fame grew world wide. Again, in Spain itself, it became Hernando and Hernan, in which last shape it was immortalized by Cortes. Who would have suspected the conqueror of Mexico of bearing a name which on analysis turns out to be pure Anglo-Saxon?

THE MITTEN.—A correspondent explains the origin of a familiar phrase thus: "An old-time New England expression, 'getting the mitten, meaning getting your offer of marriage rejected by your 'best girl,' has an origin in the customs of the earlier days. One hundred years gloves were unknown in the country towns. Mittens were knitted and worn in all families. If a young man, going home from singing school with the girl of his choice, was holding her mittened hand to keep it from getting cold, and took that opportunity to urge his suit, if the offer proved acceptable the hand would remain. If taken by surprise, an effort to withdraw the hand would leave the mitten. So the suitor would 'get the mitten,' but would not get the hand.' This is certainly a very easy and plausible explanation when you know what it is, but if you had not been told the phrase would be puzzling.

WHEN you can get close enough to a frog to poke him with a stick, that's a sign of spring.

"BESIDE THE DYING EMBERS."

BY WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

Beside the dying embers,
As midnight tolls its chime,
How mournful to remember
The Spring's enchanted time!
Without a ray to cheer us,
Without a blossom near us,
In sorrowful December
To muse on April's prime!

When wan the world reposes
Beneath its pall of snow,
How sad to dream of roses
That clustered long ago!
Of summer breezes winging,
Of summer warbles singing,
And in the woodland closes,
The ring-dove pleading low!

But saddest of all sadness,
As Life's last vigil nears,
To ponder on the gladness,
The glee of vanished years,
The smiles, the sighs, the glances,
Delight's unbroken trances,
Ere yet to love was madness,
Or mirth a mask for tears!

A Darkened Life.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "DORA THORNE," "AT WAR WITH HERSELF," "LOVE FOR A DAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LADY DARTELLE made no objection to the arrangement. By this time the young ladies had grown devotedly attached to Miss Vaughan. They protested that they had always liked her—had always perceived something very superior and distinguished about her.

Hyacinth smiled occasionally—having a very good memory—at these protestations, but she was far too noble and generous to retaliate. She accepted the friendship for what it was worth, and the Misses Dartelle were invited to be bridesmaids.

A few days more were spent happily enough at Hulme Abbey, and then Sir Arthur and Lady Vaughan, Hyacinth and Lord Chandon, returned to Queen's Chase.

They had to pass through London, and Lord Chandon insisted that they should all call upon Doctor Chalmers—the best of all good Samaritans he termed him.

The astonishment of the Doctor and his mother was very great.

"And you are going to marry a great lord, my dear," said Mrs. Chalmers. "You are yourself of good lineage. I have always told my son it was of no use to love you as he did."

"Did he—did Doctor Chalmers love me?" she asked, her fair face flushing.

"Indeed he did, my dear, although he was too noble to say anything about it. He loved you, and I fear as long as he lives he will never love any one else."

She was perfectly right. Doctor Chalmers never learned to care for any other woman. He and his mother were always welcome guests at Chandon Court; and Adrain, true to his word, proved to be one of the Doctor's best friends. He was accustomed to say, with a smile, that he had no room in his heart for anything but his profession; but his mother knew that all his love had been lavished—and lavished in vain—on Hyacinth Vaughan.

* * * * * *

Never had the May sun shone more brightly. It was the twenty-second of the month, yet every one declared it was more like the middle of June than May. The roses were budding, the lilies of the valley sent forth their rich fragrance, the lilacs were all in flower, and the golden tresses of the laburnum shone like flame. The hedges were covered with pink and white hawthorn, the chestnut trees were all in bloom, the feathered denizens of the wood were singing, the grand old oaks seemed to have aroused themselves to a fuller life.

What did all the brightness, the melody, the gladness mean? It was Hyacinth Vaughan's wedding-day; and it seemed to her that everything rejoiced. She had risen early, and had gone to bid farewell to the haunts of her childhood.

She walked through the woods whither she had fled that summer night so long since to meet Claude. She remembered how she had returned in the early dawn. She remembered the fear and anguish of her second flight, and tears of gratitude and happiness filled her eyes. She raised her beautiful face to the morning skies.

"How am I to thank Providence?" she said. "I have been through the valley of the shadow of death, and now my happiness seems greater than I can bear."

Queen's Chase seemed to have put on its gayest attire. The servants wore new dresses and white wedding favors. It was many a long day since there had been such a scene within those grand old walls—for the six fair bridesmaids were all staying there; and such clouds of white tulle, such quantities of flowers, such laces, such untold articles de luxe had never been seen before.

Hyacinth and Adrain were to be married in the old parish church of Oakton; and long before the hour for the celebration crowds of people had assembled, with crowds of children, all bearing flowers to throw beneath the bride's feet. Crowds of well-wishers came to bid her God-speed. There was no confusion in the room where Hyacinth Vaughan was being dressed for her wedding. Lady Vaughan would assist, and her trembling hands threw the magnificent bridal-veil over the golden head, and fastened the orange blossoms.

"I dressed you once, my dear," she said, "when you were a very little babe; and it is fitting that I should dress you now."

From head to foot Hyacinth was simply perfection. The white satin wedding dress, with its costly trimmings of rich lace, fell in graceful folds around the slender figure. The veil did not quiet conceal the radiance of the lovely face. Through it one caught a glimpse of bright, shy, drooping eyes, of sweet crimson lips, of a face flushed with dainty rose-leaf bloom, of clustering golden tresses—a glimpse ravishing enough to make one wish to raise the veil, as Lady Vaughan did, and kiss the lovely owner.

Lady Vaughan took the magnificent bouquet Lord Chandon had sent, and placed it in the little hands.

"May these flowers be an emblem of your future life, my dearest child!" she said. "You have no proud mother to kiss and bless you to-day, and your dear father sleeps the sleep of heroes; but in your mother's name I kiss you, and I pray Heaven to bless you, my darling."

It was a grand sight when the wedding procession moved up the aisles of the old gray church—the six bridesmaids, with their queen, little Clara, stately Sir Arthur with the fair young bride resting on his arm, Lady Vaughan, looking so well in her magnificent dress, Lady Dartelle, gracious and bland, Mrs. Chalmers and her son. Sir Aubrey Dartelle—best man—with Lord Chandon, was already waiting at the altar, and to all appearance seemed inclined to envy his friend's great good fortune.

There was almost breathless silence in the church as the solemn ceremony proceeded.

People remarked afterwards how low and sweet Hyacinth's voice was—how she seemed to lose sight of everything and every one and remember only the words she was uttering.

Then the blessing was spoken over them, the organ pealed out Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," the bells began to chime, and the children flung their flowers. Adrian, Lord Chandon and Hyacinth Vaughan were husband and wife now, never to be parted more "until death."

The drive home through the sunlit roads, lined with people, was never forgotten by them. Not much time had the newly-made husband to devote to his wife. But, as they entered the house, and old friends and new friends crowded round them, he took her for one moment in his arms.

"Mine at last, my darling," he said—"to be parted never more!"

Then came the wedding breakfast, with its speeches and toasts; after which, to quote the Oakton Mercury, the happy pair proceeded to Chandon Court, where the honeymoon was to be spent.

"A very elegant wedding," remarked Veronica Dartelle; and the two sisters, who had been really polite and amiable, had another reason for remembering that day. It was all so pleasant, the bride was so fair and sweet, the bridegroom so handsome and manly, the force of love so very attractive, that Sir Richard Hastings succumbed.

Mildred saw that he was rapidly softening under the influence of the day, and she became every hour more amiable. After the departure of Lord and Lady Chandon, a stroll in the evening gloaming was suggested; and, as they walked together under the flowering limes, Sir Richard proposed, and Mildred accepted him.

"One wedding makes many," said Lady Dartelle, to whom her daughter at once imparted the secret.

"I shall be Lady Hastings," remarked Mildred. "He really is a good sort of man, mamma, and he has an excellent income. I might have done much worse."

"You will be a very happy woman," said Lady Dartelle, "and you are a most fortunate one."

Mildred stood quite silent for some minutes, and then, bending over her mother, she kissed her.

"I tell you what, mamma," she said, shyly—"I mean to be better tempered. Since I have known Lady Chandon, I have often been quite ashamed of myself, and I mean to try—I do, indeed."

She did try, and people now speak of Lady Mildred Hastings as a very amiable, considerate woman. Veronica was not married until some years afterwards; and then she wedded an old marquis who had a grown-up son. She was not unhappy, not being gifted with a very sensitive disposition. Her principal amusement consists in patronizing her mother and sister, who both resent it highly.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THREE years have passed since that bright and happy wedding-day. Looking on the radiant face of Lady Chandon, one could hardly believe that desolation and anguish had marked her for their own. There was no shadow now in those beautiful eyes, for the face was full of love and happiness.

No one ever seemed to remember that there was once something rather strange about her. When she first went into society, she was shy and diffident, afraid of criticism—frightened almost at her own position. But her wondrous beauty and grace, her brilliant gifts, her delicate wit, her thousand charms of body and mind, soon made her beloved. Scandal or rumor never raised one breath against her.

The little heir—whom she would insist on calling Darcy—was just one year old; and, as Lady Vaughan was not well or strong, yet longed to see him, she sent a pressing invitation to his parents to sojourn to Queen's Chase when the London season should be over.

They accepted it; and great was the delight of Sir Arthur and his stately lady with the little heir of Chandon. They were never weary of watching him, and of talking about the future that awaited him.

For Adrian, Lord Chandon, his father, was now one of the leading men in England. He was a famous statesman, and an eloquent speaker. Great honors had been paid to him. He himself always declared that he had won everything in winning his peerless wife.

One morning Lady Chandon was in the nursery with Lady Vaughan, who had gone to look at the baby. They were admiring him, his golden curls, his dark eyes, the grace of the rounded limbs, the sweet dimpled mouth, when Lord Chandon suddenly appeared upon the scene.

"Hyacinth," he said, "will you come downstairs? There are visitors for you."

She kissed the baby face, and turned to her husband with a smile. It struck her that he looked very grave. He drew her hand within his own, and they left the nursery together.

She could not avoid noticing his gravity and silence.

"Who is it, Adrian?" she asked. "Who wants me? You look so grave, I am almost frightened."

"If I look grave, sweet, it is for your sake, not my own. I wish you to go down. The visitors awaiting you are Mr. and Lady Claude Lennox."

She drew back with a start, and her face flushed hotly.

"Claude!" she repeated. "Oh, Adrian, I would rather not go!"

"It will be better, darling. Mr. Lennox and I shall be obliged to meet in London, for he is in Parliament now, and we are of the same shade exactly in politics. He will live at the Park some day, and it will be better to be on visiting terms."

"So he is married?" she said.

"Yes, he married Lady Geraldine, the Duchess of Lufton's youngest daughter—a very gentle, amiable girl."

But still Hyacinth seemed unwilling to enter the drawing-room.

"I have never seen him, Adrian," she said, "since the morning of the trial. I—I cannot go in!"

Lord Chandon kissed the beautiful face.

"For my sake, darling," he said—"and because I ask it."

Her husband's wish was sufficient. She entered the room, and Claude advanced to meet her.

It was like a dream, seeing him again—hearing him speak. He looked agitated as he advanced towards her holding out his hand.

"Lady Chandon," he said, "I am delighted to see you."

And the fervor with which he clasped her hands, the delight in his face, told that he was speaking the truth. She was introduced to his wife, and Hyacinth speedily conceived a liking for her. Lady Geraldine was very fond of flowers, and during the course of conversation she asked Lord Chandon to show her his famous conservatories. They all four went together, but Claude, who was walking with Lady Chandon, purposely lingered near some beautiful heliotrope.

"Pardon me," he said, abruptly, "if I say one word to you, Lady Chandon. Do not be angry with me; I have never had the opportunity before. I want to thank you with all my heart for what you did for me—for having saved my life."

"Do not thank me," she returned; "I only did my duty."

"Have you heard that the man Barrett months afterwards confessed the murder, and was executed for it?"

An expression of pain came over her face.

"No, I have never heard it until now. Mr. Lennox, the very remembrance of that time is so painful to me that I cannot bear the mention of it. Let there be no further reference to it between us."

"I only desired to thank you," he said; "and, Lady Chandon, I wish to ask you a great favor. You will like my wife, Lady Geraldine, I think. Will you be her friend? Will you let us all be friends? We should be so happy!"

She answered "Yes." And to this day they are all on the most intimate and friendly terms.

After Claude and Lady Geraldine had driven away, Lord Chandon returned to the drawing-room, and saw his wife standing by the window, with a grave look on her beautiful face. He went to her.

"What are you thinking about, Hyacinth?" he asked.

She clasped her arms round his neck and bent her golden head.

"I am thinking, Adrian," she said, "that, remembering my great fault, I do not deserve to be half so happy as I am."

But he kissed the sweet lips and said—"Hush! That is past and done with. After all, my darling, it was but the shadow of a sin."

[THE END.]

Mengamok.

BY A TRAVELLER.

"HE IS after me," is a much more serious thing than the now popular song implies. There is nothing at all amusing about it when "he" is a sturdy Malay running amok, kriss in hand. Such was my experience, and the words of the song very vividly recall the event to my mind. Many a truth is said in jest, and many a frivolous thing recalls a grave event. So it is in this instance, as my narrative will show.

At the time I was residing in the very heart of that portion of the world where the fanaticism of "amok" is most rife. The events I am about to relate took in North Borneo, in the capital, Sandakau.

Amok, amuck (or, more correctly, in Malay, mengamok), means "to slaughter indiscriminately," and the Malay who runs amok carries out the foregoing definition to a nicety. No one is safe, man, woman, or child, and the cry of "oran amok, oran amok," is the most startling and appalling that can well be imagined. Then and there is hurrying to and fro, women catching up their children in hot haste, men scampering here and there, the slamming to of doors, mothers screaming to children they cannot find, the occasional report of a gun, the despairing yell of some fresh victim, and ever-increasing cries of the crowd in pursuit, until the whole place is ringing with the shouts of "oran amok."

Going out for a stroll one evening at Sandakau, Borneo's capital, I wended my way to the pier, or, more correctly, jetty.

I was standing at the far end of the jetty, which stretches some fifteen to twenty chains out into the bay. There were a few Malays upon the jetty, strolling about in their picturesque and gay sarongs, with inevitable cigarette in mouth. They are the most inveterate of cigarette smokers, the tobacco being curled up in twisted palm-leaf. Some were fishing from the jetty, their rods being long bamboo and their hooks crooked pins, for no one but a hadji could afford to buy a fish-hook

though there were a few of antediluvian pattern in the Chinese shops, or bazaars, as they are called. These people had been toiling about and had been fishing. It would be more correct to say that now, like my own, their whole interest was in the distant commotion going on in the town. They were all standing up, gazing eagerly in that direction, when suddenly one of them, more keen of hearing than his fellows, screamed out, "Oran amok!"

Yes; we all recognized it now. There was a man running amok right through the most populous quarter of the Chinese town. There was no mistaking the shout of "oran amok!" Away scampered the Malays as fast as they could to join the crowd, except one old chap, who, apparently not knowing I had overheard their excited conversation, came up to me to tell me what the hubbub was. The old man, gesticulating in a most excited manner, pointed out which way the amok was running, for, from where we were, we could see the crowd pouring down towards our end of the town—straight down towards the jetty.

Suddenly, at the far end of the jetty, I saw a wild figure running towards us at full speed. Surely this couldn't be the man running amok here on the jetty!

"Seenie, seenie, amok, amok!" ("There, there's the amok!") whispered the old man in my ear, as he jumped off the end of the jetty into the sea.

I was alone on the jetty with the "oran amok." My first impulse was to jump into the sea, too. The old Malay was swimming like a fish, straight for the shore; but I could not swim a stroke. Here was an awkward predicament—I was literally between the devil and the deep sea.

I knew the sea was merciless; there was no hope there. My only chance was with the devil, coming straight towards me. The crowd seemed to have missed him, or he was a long way ahead of it. He did not see me, evidently mistaking me in the gloaming for one of the many posts to which the steamers made fast. I stood motionless. He was apparently under the impression that he had escaped from the crowd, and stopped when about half-way up the jetty, and turning round, stood still, looking landwards and listening intently.

I am not likely to forget that picture. There he stood, outlined against the setting sun, stark naked, not a stitch on him: a most powerfully built Malay, his head slightly bent forward listening; his parang, not a kriss, in his right hand; his left hand resting on his lips. He was about thirty years of age; his hair was cut close and was bristling up, and his right hand and arm were covered with coagulated blood; and every now and again he raised his parang and shook it at the crowd, which could be heard hunting for him in all directions but the right one.

Now, about half-way between where he stood and where I was I noticed a bamboo lying, which one of the Malays had been using as a fishing-rod. It was the only thing there was, and I had been pretty keen in my anxious observations for some weapon of defence. What was to be done? There it lay, about midway between us. If I started and made a rush for it, could I get there and pick it up before this awful fiend could get at me? That was the most momentous question.

He stood there with his back towards me, and I began to gently creep on tip-toe along towards the bamboo, ready to make a rush at any instant.

I was getting nearer and nearer, when the crowd appeared at the jetty. They sighted their man, and with shouts of vengeance rushed up the jetty in pursuit. There was no time to lose. I made a rush for the bamboo. The amok turned round, saw me, and with a wild yell, made straight for me brandishing his parang above his head.

How vividly I see the whole thing now! How the scream of the amok rings in my ears! How I hear the voices in the crowd shouting: "Tuan mate, tuan mate!" ("He'll kill the master, he'll kill the master!") I got to the bamboo, stooped, picked it up, and raising it above my head ran on to meet my man. On he came; down came the bamboo. I had missed my mark, merely striking him on the right arm, which was raised above his head. The parang fell from his right hand, and before I knew what had happened, I was struggling madly in the amok's frenzied embrace.

How we struggled, and turned, and twisted, and rolled about on that jetty! Shall I ever forget it? The crowd was on us now, though, and kriss after kriss was ruck into my assailant's body, and his grasp quickly got weaker and weaker, and I finally found that I was struggling with a dead man. I could not realize this, I myself was in a perfect frenzy. I was pulled off by the crowd. There the "oran amok" lay, literally cut to pieces; and again and again would one of the crowd send his kriss right up to the hilt in the quivering body.

The Malays are the most bloodthirsty and insatiable of all Orientals, their bloodthirstiness and rapacity only being outdone by their cowardice and treachery.

What a horribly sickening sight the whole thing was! My clothes were sopped with blood, and I turned away sick, and more in disgust at the sight than in relief at the narrow escape I had in my tussle for life with the "oran amok."

Two men, one a Malay, the other a Chinaman, a woman, Chinese, and two children, both Chinese, had fallen victions to this man's mad fanaticism. Considering where he had run, the people must have been remarkably nimble in getting out of his way to have kept the death-roll so low.

ABOUT NUMBERS.

That there is luck in odd numbers is a popular saying, characterized by a delightful ambiguity which renders it equally correct in the case of either good or bad luck.

The expression, however, is generally taken to mean that good luck may be attributed to odd numbers; and whether or not they may be justified in assuming that even ones must consequently be unlucky, many country women will only put their hens to set on an odd number of eggs, in the belief that otherwise no chickens would be hatched.

Numbers both odd and even have always been credited with mystic powers capable of influencing the destinies of man. It is possible that this belief may have been due in the first instance to a sense of reverence and awe with which the immutable laws of mathematics were probably regarded by the ignorant; the fact, too, that the third, fifth, or sixth note in an octave harmonizes with the first, may in some measure account for the superstitious importance with which the numbers three, five, and six have been regarded; and the regularity and frequency with which certain numbers occur in Nature's handiwork may also have given rise to a belief in some mystic powers inherent in the numbers themselves.

Thus, two is constantly before us in bilateral symmetry and the number of the sexes; five occurs as the number of petals which many flowers possess or the number of fingers and toes on each of our hands and feet—the thumb, of course, being reckoned as one of the fingers; and as an instance in which six occurs we may mention the hexagonal cells of a honeycomb.

It is unnecessary to give examples of the mystical use of numbers in the Scriptures, for no one who has read the Bible can have failed to notice the frequency with which certain numbers are used, evidently intentionally and with a symbolical significance.

In many of the legends which may be found amongst the North American Indians, two witches or medicine women play a prominent part. This may be merely a curious coincidence, but more probably it is the result of some forgotten superstition connected with numbers; for in the Old World, two has an evil reputation; and so far as monarchs have been concerned, it certainly seems to have been an unlucky number, many of those who were second of a name having had troubled reigns or met with untimely fates.

There is much superstitious regard for the number three in the popular mind, and the third repetition of anything is generally looked upon as a crisis. Thus, an article may twice be lost and recovered; but the third time that it is lost, it is gone for good. Twice a man may pass through some great danger in safety; but the third time he loses his life. If, however, the mystic third can be successfully passed, all is well.

Three was called by Pythagoras the perfect number, and we frequently find its use symbolical of Deity; thus, we might mention the trident of Neptune, the three-forked lightning of Jove, and the three-headed dog of Pluto. The idea of trinity is not confined to Christianity, but occurs in several religions. In mythology, also, we find three Fates, three Furies, and three Graces; and coming nearer to our own times, Shakespeare introduces his three witches.

In public-house signs three seems to play an important part, for we frequently meet with "Three Cups," "Three Jolly Sailors," "Three Bells," "Three Tuns," "Three Feathers"—in fact, that number of almost anything of which a fertile imagination can conceive a trio.

In nursery rhymes and tales this number is not unknown; and if we look back to the days of our childhood, most of us will call to mind the three wise men of Gotham who took a sea-voyage in a bowl, not to mention the three blind mice that had their tails cut off by the farmer's wife. Perhaps there is some occult power in the number which governs the division of novels into three volumes, and induces doctors to order their medicine to be taken thrice daily.

It is said that some tribes of savages cannot count beyond three; but although they have no words to express higher numbers, perhaps we should be scarcely justified in assuming that they are incapable of appreciating the value of the latter.

Five is a mystic number which was supposed to possess great influence over demons and evil spirits. Probably primitive man—not unlike some of his descendants at the present day—reckoned up his little accounts on his fingers, ultimately using his hand as a symbol of five, and consequently attaching extra importance to that number.

Seven was considered a holy number, and throughout the Scriptures it is frequently used as such. The seventh son of a seventh son was formerly looked upon as a natural doctor who possessed miraculous powers of healing the sick, and could, in fact, frequently effect a cure by merely touching the sufferer.

Even at the present day this piece of superstition has not died out, and occasionally one may still meet with these so-called natural doctors, who fully believe in the marvellous powers ascribed to them.

Amongst the Gaboon tribes there is a superstition that on the seventh day after the birth of a child, the woman who is nursing the mother is in danger of being converted into an animal by the evil spirit, if the necessary steps are not taken to prevent her metamorphosis.

According to a popular superstition, seven years of bad luck may be expected by the unfortunate person who chances to break a mirror.

There is a general belief with most people that they undergo some change every seven years; man's life is popularly divided into seven ages, and formerly it was supposed that seven and nine were capable of exerting much subtle influence over men, the product of these two numbers being particularly powerful in this respect. Thus, sixty-three years was called the grand climacteric, and that age was considered a very important crisis in a man's life.

Women, on the other hand, were supposed to be more susceptible to the influence of nine and six on men's lives which originally gave rise to the custom of granting leases for multiples of seven or nine years.

Long leases are granted for ninety-nine or nine hundred and ninety-nine years, instead of a hundred or a thousand years, and there is, we believe, a piece of superstition that otherwise the hundredth or thousandth year would be under the influence of the Evil One.

CIVILIZING THE INDIAN.

Old Father Time rings many changes all over the civilized world, but in no portion are the changes as radical as in the Far West. Lately the writer made a visit among the same Indians—the Sioux—he used to visit thirteen or fourteen years since. But what a change he found! At that time the process of civilizing these children of the plains was in its infancy; to-day, it may be said to have attained its youth.

Then the Sun Dance, with its trying ordeals, was religiously observed every summer, and the youths who could successfully pass through the tortures without evincing fear or pain were admitted to full recognition by the entire tribe as warriors.

But to-day, the Sun Dance, like the buffalo, has passed into tradition. The chiefs and warriors who at that time required an iron hand and the continual presence of troops to keep them in control, to-day are ranked as "coffee-coolers," who are cowed by a threat to reduce the rations Government furnishes them with.

At that time the houses the Government had built for them were used to stable their favorite ponies in; and for the wagons, except in a few isolated instances, they had no earthly use; now, we find them occupying the houses themselves, except in extremely hot weather, and rarely do you see them on horseback.

The causes for these changes are many, but principally because the large game—buffalo, elk, and antelope—became so scarce that the Indians could not kill enough to sustain life. This made them dependent on the Government, for to work they were ashamed.

Now you see every one dressed in civilized costume; then, it was rarely you saw one except in savage attire—a breech-clout, leggings, and blanket. The progress has been made by the younger generation. The church missionaries took the youths and maidens in charge, and taught them the manners, customs, and morals of the whites. Nature had been kind to these dusky children in giving them such minds as might be moulded without great difficulty; their perceptive faculties were keen, and their intelligence of a superior order to what it had been considered.

Some of the youth of both sexes were sent to schools in the east; but this was discovered to be injurious to their health, and many came back to the tribe with that dread disease, consumption, irretrievably fastened in their systems.

Another result, too, was noticeable: that while the youth had been away at school learning civilized manners, the parents remained as they were; and on the return of the youth, instead of influencing his or her parents for good, the Indian blood asserted itself, and the youthful ones soon returned to the old ways.

The greatest progress, and that most beneficial to the greatest number, was attained by the missionaries' efforts to teach the youth on their own reservations. This has at last become so apparent to the Government, that Industrial Schools are now being established near towns which have been built on the boundaries of the reservations, where the young Indians of both sexes will in the future be taught industrial pursuits as well as the learning obtained from books.

Nearly all the missionaries of the Episcopal Church to-day are native Indians, in some instances full-bloods, but for the most part half-breeds. These men are earnest, conscientious, and industrious, exerting a powerful influence for good in the tribes.

To my knowledge, but one instance is on record where a young Indian has chosen and fitted himself for the practice of law. This happened in Dakota a few months since in the District Court of Brule County. His examiners reported him thoroughly competent for admission to the bar; on which recommendation he was admitted, and is enjoying already a lucrative practice.

The latest move by the Government towards civilizing these red men is an attempt to break up the tribal relations, and encourage them to take land in severalty, one hundred and sixty acres for each adult Indian, who, when he has chosen his land, is furnished with teams, agricultural implements, and is besides entitled to vote the same as any other citizen of the United states. Of these advantages, though, they are slow to avail themselves, because when they take this step all their rations are cut off, and they are expected to support themselves the same as any white man.

In one instance in particular the Indian sets an example to his white brother. In front of all their houses they erect a bower, which affords a pleasant shade from the hot summer sun, and here they eat, instead of in the hothouse where the cooking has been done.

Then, again, as soon as the flies and other insects commence to bother in the summer, they take their blankets either into a lodge or tent, or else sleep in the open air. They say it is easier to move away from the insects than to move the insects.

The old full-bloods I don't believe can ever be civilized; but the growing generation will become are long comparatively so. Every generation will improve until, before many years, the Indian of to-day will be known only as a tradition.

A SPICY CORRESPONDENCE.—Alexandre Dumas once received the following note signed by a French Count:

"Monsieur—I have the honor to propose to you to associate yourself with me in the composition of a drama. Your name will figure by the side of mine; you alone composing the drama, and I alone defraying all the expenses of the first representation. You shall have all the profits, for I work only for glory."

Dumas replied: "Monsieur—I have never been in the habit of harnessing together in my carriage a horse and an ass. I regret, then, not to be able to accept your very kind proposition."

The Count responded: "Monsieur Dumas—I received you note of refusal to unite our literary labors. You are at liberty not to understand your own interest, but do not allow yourself in the future to call me a horse."

TRIFLES.—There are many little things in the household, attention to which is indispensable to health and happiness. The kind of air which circulates in a house may seem a small matter, for we cannot see the air, and not many people know anything about it; yet, if we do not provide a regular supply of pure air within our houses, we shall inevitably suffer for our neglect. A few specks of dirt may seem neither here nor there, and a closed door or window appear to make little difference; but the little dirt and the little bad air are apt to sow the seeds of ill-health, and therefore ought to be removed. The whole of the household regulations are, taken by themselves, trifles—but trifles tending to an important result.

OLD VOICES.

BY WILLIAM COWAN.

Across the seas they come to me,
Old voices of a happier day,
When Love was young and Hope was high,
And flowers grew bright about my way.
I sit within the rose-girt pane,
And watch the tranquil western sun
Dip gently in the golden sea,
And think of friends for ever gone.
And while I gaze and think, to me
There come old voices o'er the sea.

So when night curtains sea and shore,
And white stars gleam across the wild,
And underneath the shadowy limes
With thoughts of other days beguiled
I linger long, too sad to rest,
For in this lonely heart of mine,
There whisper as from long ago
Old echoes that have grown divine:
Old echoes from across the sea,
They whisper of old times to me.

The Colonel's Romance.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

NO one who saw Colonel Alured Turner stepping jauntily down St. James' Street on a summer's morning could fail to observe that the little gentleman was on very good terms with himself. And indeed the Colonel had everything that makes life worth living.

He was just fifty; his liver and his digestion were in good condition; he had a charming set of rooms in Piccadilly overlooking the Green Park; his soldier-servant was absolutely irreproachable; and last, but not least—without which all these advantages would have been as Dead Sea fruit—he possessed a grievance. Being in a doubled battalion regiment, it had taken the Colonel many years to climb to the top of the Captains, and when he at last drew near the head of the list, great changes were going on in the army, for a reformer had arisen who was about to sweep away the abuses of ages, and make the British army a thing for foreign soldiers to wonder at.

And so it happened that in one short month Captain Turner found himself promoted to be Major, and then gazetted out of the service with the rank of Lieutenant-colonel. The Colonel was a smart officer, and loved his profession; but though he might have stayed five years longer with the regiment, he would have to pass all that time going in for some examination; "for, by the Lord, sir, these miserable civilians are treating Her Majesty's officers as if they were a parcel of eleeterased schoolboys."

And therefore it was with a feeling of peace towards all the world that Colonel Alured Turner entered his club, the Senior Gravel-grinders. Three days in the week the Colonel breakfasted at his club, and opened his letters whilst sipping his tea; on other days he breakfasted at home; and the incomparable Wilks marched down to the club to get his master's letters, and returned with all the airs of a field-marshal's orderly in mufti.

On this morning the Colonel on turning over his letters came upon an oblong pink envelope adorned with a gilt monogram, and addressed in a nervous feminine hand. As no presentiment warned him of the terrible consequences about to spring from that innocent-looking note, he smiled, for he recognised his sister-in-law's hand-writing, and guessed that she was making some bewildered appeal to his knowledge of the world.

He opened the pink envelope with the handle of a fork, as was his wont, and read an impassioned summons to call on the writer that afternoon (doubly underlined), as she was in great trouble (trebly underlined), and remained his very affectionate Selina Turner.

The Colonel having with some difficulty read between the underlines, made a mental note of the engagement, and proceeded tranquilly with his breakfast and the rest of his correspondence.

About half-past four the Colonel, having enjoyed his after-luncheon cigar and doze, strolled, a rotund and trimly-groomed figure, towards his sister-in-law's house. He found his correspondent bathed in decorous and becoming tears, and she at once opened her heart to him. As usual, and as the Colonel expected, the subject-matter of her complaint was her only son and heir, who was always getting into scrapes, from which his uncle had to extricate him.

"Oh, Alured," she exclaimed, as soon as she had ascertained that the servant had quite shut the door, "I am in such distress! That wretched boy of mine!"

"Well, well, Selina," said the Colonel, "what has he done? Don't give way."

"He's done nothing yet," moaned the widow, "it's what's he's going to do."

"Come, if he's done nothing, we have that in our favor at anyrate. There will be the less to undo."

"Oh, but how dreadful it is! Only think, Alured, he's going to be married."

"What!" said the Colonel, taking his gold-rimmed eyeglass out of his eye in magisterial fashion. "The young dog! Why, he's not twenty-one yet!"

"No; and that makes it all the worse. Oh, I'm sure he's been caught by one of those designing actresses who are always on the lookout for very young men."

"But he's got no title, Selina."

"No; but he will have money, and a very good position for a commoner, and no doubt they know it."

"And where is this precious scapegrace of yours?"

"At Bognor. He went there for a few days last month, and has stayed there ever since. I wondered what was the attraction, and now I know. It's very hard."

"It is," assented the Colonel ruefully, for he saw that this meant a journey to Bognor for him, and the desertion of London at its best. "And so he's going to be married?"

"So he says."

"And who is she?"

"I don't know; except that he declares she is the most beautiful woman in the world, and that he loves her. I think she must be older than he is."

"That, my dear Selina, goes without saying. Boys of twenty never have violent passions for a woman under thirty. She is older than he is, and cleverer. And where is the young rascal quartered?"

"Here is his letter, Alured. You had better take it. Heaven knows there is nothing private in it."

"What a hurry the boy is in, to be sure!" went on Colonel Turner, pocketing the letter. "Why, here am I already perilously near middle age, and I have not begun to think of marriage yet."

"Ah, Alured," said the widow, "we all know your story, and how faithful you are to the memory of your first love."

The Colonel blushed through the bronze that concealed the pink and white skin of his boyhood. "Well, Selina," he replied, "how do you know that if your boy is disappointed of his first love, he may not do as I have done, remain a bachelor for her sake."

The archness of the widow faded away into the anxiety of the mother. "Only rescue him from this woman, and I will risk that."

The Colonel had got his marching orders; so he rose to go, but with a heavy heart, for London in the season was the breath of life to him; while Bognor and a love-sick nephew in June were by no means to his liking.

He was a simple, straightforward soul, with a great affection for his late brother's widow and her only son, and never thought of hesitating or delaying when his services were needed on their behalf; but for all that, he felt very like a schoolboy whose holidays are drawing to a close. He told the incomparable Wilks while dressing for dinner that they must start for Bognor the first thing the following morning, and then resigned all responsibility. By the time his master returned from the club to bed, Wilks had made every preparation, had chosen the train and hotel, and arranged for the forwarding of all letters.

"Train starts at 11.35, sir. Breakfast here, or at the club, sir?"

"Here," said the Colonel; "and we may have to stay a week."

"Very good, sir."

And the Colonel retired to rest, leaving everything to his adjutant.

Personally conducted by Wilks, Colonel Turner arrived at the hotel selected for him in time for a late lunch, and then strolled out along the Chichester road to concoct a method of approaching the enemy, while Wilks went out to reconnoitre.

During the last few years the Colonel had extricated his nephew from several boyish scrapes, and had in a general way acted as a second father to him; but this escapade was beyond everything. Look at it how he would, he could see no line of action that would enable him to take the initiative.

He might rush in and forbid the banns; but he was conscious that in so doing he would inevitably look like a fool, and the great aim and object of his later life was to avoid any such appearance of imbecility. The only result of his cogitations was a first-rate appetite; so he returned to his hotel hungry, but still undecided how to act.

After dinner he established himself on a deck-chair in the veranda, and, reverently lighting a Trichinopoly, abolished all thoughts of his nephew, and gave himself up to a lazy contemplation of the effect of the moonlight on the sea.

But he was little more than half-way through his first cigar when Wilks marched up, saluted, and came to attention. The Colonel was a little short of breath, especially after dinner, so he merely nodded his head and said:

"Well?"

"Mr. Charles is in the town, sir."

"Ha!" ejaculated the Colonel.

He had said nothing to Wilks about the object of his visit; but it was one of the chief excellences of that incomparable servant that he always managed to hit upon the right sort of information.

"Mr. Charles is at the Porpoise, sir."

"Anybody with him?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't see you, did he?"

"No, sir."

"Don't let him."

"Very good, sir."

The Colonel paused to think over the news. His Trichinopoly was three-quarters gone; so he hurled the stump into the darkness and watched it turn over and over on the gravel, emitting a shower of sparks like a squib. Then he carefully lit another cigar, and, with a deep sigh—for he loved his ease—said:

"Call me at eight to-morrow, Wilks. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir."

Wilks saluted and disappeared in the darkness, his measured step resounding on the gravel like the footfall of a whole company in the silence of the evening.

The next morning Colonel Turner put his poor little plan into action. He was at his wits' end, and could think of nothing better than catching his nephew early in the day and trusting to chance to bring about a crisis. Soon after breakfast, therefore, he appeared on the parade with his patent leather boots and gold-rimmed eyeglass flashing in the morning sun, and took up his position on a seat which commanded, but not too ostentatiously, the main entrance to the Porpoise. He had not long to wait. He soon became aware that his nephew was in the hall of the Porpoise, giving orders to the porter; and so he rose and strolled gently towards the outskirts of the town, at anyrate so early in the day. In a few moments the Colonel turned short round and retraced his steps, and then uncle and nephew met face to face.

"Hullo, uncle!"

"Hullo, Charles! What are you doing down here?"

"Oh, I'm—— Well, I'm staying here, don't you know?"

"I see. Like me, I suppose; taking a whiff of sea-air in the middle of the season. And yet I haven't seen much of you in town, have I?"

The little Colonel was planted fair and square upon his shiny little boots, and looked straight up at his nephew, who was shifting uneasily from one leg to the other; for he was as yet young and unskilled to conceal his thoughts in words.

"Why—er—no—not much," he stammered. "The fact is—come and have a drink," he blurted out with the sudden satisfaction of one inspired.

The Colonel was a moderate man, and was doubtful of the quality of the liquor at the Porpoise; but he knew that wine warms the heart of boy even more than of man, and he was anxious to obtain his nephew's confidence. The result was exactly what the Colonel expected. They had not returned to the parade long, before Charles, after nervously touching on indifferent subjects, suddenly turned on his uncle with the story of his first serious passion.

"Uncle, I want to get married."

"Want to get what?" said the Colonel, slightly taken aback at the suddenness with which this piece of information was jerked at him.

"I want to get married," repeated Charles, getting quite piteous in his excitement. "Oh, Uncle Alured, I love her so; and I think she likes me, and won't you help me?"

The Colonel consulted the lighted end of his Trichinopoly, as was his custom.

"Where is she playing?" said he, after a pause.

"Playing? She doesn't play."

"Resting here, I suppose," went on the Colonel, who was a patron of the drama, and knew something of its vernacular.

"I don't know what you mean, uncle; she's a lady."

"They all are," murmured the Colonel confidentially to a distant fishing-smack.

"She's a little older than I am," went on Charles stiffly.

"Of course," said the Colonel to the smack.

Charles flushed to the roots of his fair hair. "This is not a subject for chaff," he said indignantly, "when a fellow's awfully in love he's—well, he awfully gone, you know."

"My dear boy," said the philosophic uncle, laying his hand upon his nephew's shoulder, "take my advice; have as many love affairs as you like, but don't think of marrying before you are thirty."

"Ah, that is all very fine for you," replied Charles, somewhat mollified; "but I've nearly ten beastly years to wait till then."

"Ten very excellent years," said the Colonel sententiously; "mind you don't waste them."

For a short time there was silence and a feeling of constraint between the two, and then Charles said suddenly, in a tone of suppressed emotion: "Uncle Alured, there she is. I want you to know her, and she often asked me to introduce you. Come along."

The Colonel looked, and saw a tall trim-waisted figure coming along the parade with a light springy step. He felt that the crisis had arrived, so he threw away his Trichinopoly and braced himself for the fray. As his nephew's first love swept gracefully towards them, the Colonel saw that she was by no means so youthful as the trimness of her figure might imply.

Charles introduced his uncle to his love with an air of proprietorship which could not but have been gratifying to both of them, and the Colonel raised his hat with his most gallant air. But the lady was far from content with so formal a recognition, for she held out both her hands, and said:

"Colonel Turner—Alured—don't you remember me?"

"Georgina!" ejaculated the Colonel, so taken aback that for the only time on record he dropped his gold-rimmed eyeglass.

"Yes, Georgina—or Mrs. Marshall," replied she, smiling at the Colonel's astonishment. "Did you not expect to see me?"

"Indeed, no," gasped Colonel Turner; "most unexpected pleasure."

"Why, you wicked boy," said she, turning to Charles, "didn't you tell me that your uncle had been on the point of coming down ever so many times, and was only prevented by his engagements in London?"

It was now Charles' turn to look foolish, and he did so in the completest fashion, mumbling something about the Colonel's being such a popular man—London season—every one wanted to see him.

Mrs. Marshall cut him short. "I'm very angry with you," said she, though she did not look it.

Charles fell in by her side with a very sulky expression of countenance, and the three walked on together. It was wonderful what a number of reminiscences Mrs. Marshall and the Colonel had in common. They talked about persons of whom Charles had never heard and of things that happened before he was born, and irritated him extremely by taking it as a matter of course that the beginning of all things worth mentioning did not coincide with his appearance in this world.

At last his temper got the better of him. He halted, raised his hat stiffly, and held out his hand to say "Good-bye," but the dignity of his attitude was rather spoiled by the fact that neither of his companions noticed his intention, so that he had to follow them hat in hand.

The Colonel at once saw how matters stood, and promptly took advantage of the position. He apologized for absorbing so much of Mrs. Marshall's valuable time, told her how charmed he was to meet her again, and trusted that he might have permission to call upon her.

In spite of Mrs. Marshall's protestations, the little Colonel departed, polite and smiling, promising to call on the following day, and leaving Charles, sulky and scowling and ill-used, to continue the promenade with what grace he might.

Colonel Turner was as good as his word. He called on Mrs. Marshall the next day, and on several following days, until at last Charles wrathfully discovered that youth was being distanced by middle age, and that he was being routed on his own ground by the uncle whose airs and graces he despised. He relapsed into a sulky and moody humor by way of ingratiating himself with his lady-love, and became so

bearish that his changed state was the talk of the barmaids at the Porpoise.

One evening when he called on Mrs. Marshall, after having been unable to see her all day, he was told that she was at home, but engaged. He had frequently been told of late that she was not at home, but never that she was engaged, and the fact that his presence was by implication unwelcome, made him all the more determined to see his faithless love.

The pretty maid seemed very unwilling to admit him, but under the influence of five shillings she decided to risk it and to show him upstairs. As he expected, he found Mrs. Marshall and his uncle quite content with their own company. He accepted their greetings very stiffly, and refused to be seated, for tragedy and a low soft-cushioned arm-chair are incongruous things. So he remained standing, and steadfastly ignored his uncle.

"You did not expect me this evening?" he began.

"No, Charles," said the widow. "You never told me you were coming in; but you are always welcome."

"I was," returned Charles, "until, until a week ago; but now——" His voice failed him, and he paused.

"But now, Charles? You are just as welcome as ever you were, and always will be."

He shook his head sadly.

"Not as ever I was. Things have changed, and you with them."

"I do not understand you, Charles."

"I am afraid you will not; but there must be an understanding between us."

"Please explain yourself."

"I will," replied Charles, rejoicing in his own eloquence, and beginning to enjoy his sufferings, for at twenty it is occasionally pleasureable anguish to place one's finer feelings on the rack, especially before an audience that takes matters seriously and does not jeer at the martyrdom. "A few weeks ago I was always with you. You were always glad to see me, and never said you were not at home."

"Very true."

"And now?"

"Am I any less glad to see you?"

"Am I with you as often as I was? Do I see you as often as I did?"

"I really don't know," said the widow, looking with a puzzled air at her vehement admirer; "but if you do not, whose fault is it but your own?"

"My fault?" cried Charles, with a sardonic smile, in which he endeavored to blend sarcasm, lofty pity, and blighted hopes—"my fault? It is yours, Madam, and his," turning suddenly on his uncle, who had been sitting all through the interview on the extreme edge of his chair.

Colonel Turner was horribly annoyed at his nephew's proceedings. He detested a scene, and was disgusted to find such a lamentable want of good taste in his brother's son. He wriggled a little nearer the edge of his chair, screwed his eyeglass more firmly into his eye, and began: "Really, Charles——"

"Ah!" said Charles, luxuriating in the full enjoyment of his wrongs, and piecing together metaphors from many novels he had been reading on the beach of late, "this is the elderly destroyer of my happiness, the snake in my bower who has cankered my rose."

"For Heaven's sake, Charles."

"Till he came," went on the lover, unheeding, "I was all in all to you. I loved you as man never loved woman before, and you knew it!"

"Charles," said the widow, who was beginning to get angry, for she thought the young man had been drinking, "will you kindly leave off this nonsense, and behave like a rational being? I think we had better defer further conversation until you have got over your present state." And she turned her back on him in the most stately fashion.

Charles rushed forward, and almost threw himself on the ground at her feet. "Mrs. Marshall! Georgina! You know—you must have seen that I love you, and that I hoped to make you my wife!"

"My dear boy," said the widow, so taken aback that she hardly knew what to say, "you surely never thought anything so foolish. Why, Charles,"—and she could not help smiling, spite of the earnest pleading of his face—"surely you can never have thought in that way of me, a woman old enough to be your"—here she glanced towards the Colonel, and slipped her hand into his—"to be your aunt."

Charles glared wildly at the pair, and then with all the tragedy oozing out of him, rushed incontinently from the room.

Three days later, the Colonel again entered his sister-in-law's drawing-room, and was received with effusion.

"Oh, Alured!" cried she, "how can I thank you? I know you have routed this woman, for Charles appeared here in a furious state last Tuesday, and has now gone yachting with a man he hates. How did you manage it?"

"There was but one way, Selina."

"And that was——?"

"To marry her myself."

"Oh, Alured!" cried the mother, sinking into a chair, "what a sacrifice! And for me! How can I repay you?"

The Colonel smiled, perhaps a little sadly. "Surely I am in debt to you."

"And you who were so faithful to your first love! Oh, Alured, could not you get off?"

"Selina," said the Colonel, "do not distress yourself on my account. This lady I am going to marry is my first and only love!"

PROFESSIONAL MENDICANTS.

There is a regular professional beggars' syndicate in Paris and other parts of Europe. From facts about them we get statistics regarding the value of the best posts. They argue no small knowledge and experience of human nature as embodied in France.

The alleys in the Champs-Elysees, it appears, are good for picturesque-looking old men. On a good day, from ten to a dozen of these mendicants should each collect from thirty to forty francs. This seemed exaggerated; says a correspondent, but we were assured it was not.

The number of persons allowed on the "beat" is kept carefully limited, and intruders are speedily cleared off. To a tall thin person endowed with long white hair and beard, really or artificially patriarchal and starved-looking, who can stoop effectively, yet with an air of departed grandeur, and smile pathetically, a post on the Champs-Elysees brings in thirty or forty fifty-centime pieces and a pocketful of coppers every day.

One old gentleman who was well known for many years, and bore the reputed distinction of an effete Marquisate—one of the oldest in France—we were assured cleared close on two louis a day, or about fifty dollars a week.

The mendicants allotted to the Champs-Elysees hand over their drawings twice a day to collectors, in case the police should take a fancy to inspect them, and are in addition pretty well watched and followed by fellow-members, lest they should dispose of any sum to a confederate.

The Bourse is another spot which can be depended upon for a pretty regular amount. The mendicants there enjoy the relics of a reputation they never possessed as quondam millionaires who lost all at some grand crash in hypothetical stock.

Third on the list come the principal churches, the Madeleine and Notre Dame; but they are far from being so profitable. Pictures of charity at church doors are archaic. The real centre of the practice is where it may serve to foster the self gratification of women and children, or weigh down the balance in the game of "beggar my neighbor."

The syndicate's objection to church people is that they support their protegés privately, or give alms in the smallest doles as a duty. Every beggar revels on New Year's Day, for then no Frenchman or Frenchwoman runs the risk of a beggar's malediction by refusing to pay for a bonheur for the year. The syndicate complains grievously that on that day innumerable outsiders join the profession, on account of its exceeding lucrativeness for the first twenty-four hours.

The "money-losers" form a recognized branch of the profession. These are usually children or young female recruits from the country, who bemoan pitifully a supposititious half-sovereign which a big man knocked out of their hand as they were going a message.

The crowd collects, and aids to search the gutter. When the weeping damsel begins to talk of a hard-hearted mistress and suicide in the Seine as all that is left for her, the crowd becomes practical, and one effusive blue-bloused workman gives out of the sweat of his brow the first silver coin to make up the lost amount. Then the crowd disperses, patting itself on the back for its tenderness of heart towards the afflicted.

The courtyard vocalists are in general a transient portion of the Association. They should clear at least two francs out of each block where there are from a dozen to twenty tenants of varying orders, and get over ten to fifteen places in a day. Their average weekly drawings are from twenty to twenty-five dollars. Every courtyard is marked in a Bottin, the Paris Directory, and its value carefully reckoned. There should be no discrepancies, or the vocalist hears of it.

From La Cave we went with one of our informants to another resort of the begging fraternity in the Rue St. Martin, beyond the Boulevard Sevastopol. This den is one of the sleeping haunts almost exclusively patronized by members of the Syndicate. It is little more than a covered-in alley, from fifty to sixty yards long, twelve or thirteen feet wide, and little more than seven feet in height.

Down the middle of the room is a passage about two feet broad; and on either side, about a foot above the level of the ground, rising slightly towards the wall, is the long planking from end to end on which the sleepers lie with their feet towards the centre way. The place was very dimly illuminated by small jets of gas turned low; and here crowd together nightly, or rather twice a night, from one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons of all ages.

When we looked in, the place was packed, many crouching on the ledges and huddled on the passage. "No matter how many are in," said the doorkeeper, "there is always room for more."

The rule of this and other establishments of the kind is that for one penny the visitor is entitled to lie down till two o'clock in the morning. Then all are awakened up, and go out. At four the place opens again, and for another penny the visitor may stay for the rest of the night.

The entrance-way has a bar, at which the visitor is supposed to take a consommation or drink of kind before going farther. This, however, is not always enforced. The reason of the break from two till four is that the place is nominally a restaurant, and must conform to the police regulations, which compel public-house to close at two, and not open again before four.

A few doors farther along, in the same street, is another den of the syndicate without the bed arrangements, but with tables and benches to be utilized instead. Here also were scores of debauched wretches; but a glance round sufficed. It is possible to sup of horrors even to satiety and though we had gone to all the dens which our informant of the syndicate mentioned as patronized by his fellow-members, we could have learned no more.

IN SCOTLAND.—In a fresh book of Scottish peasant life is a fine comic sketch of an interview between a taciturn peasant lover and Kirsty, his sweetheart, who is only waiting for him to speak. The young man stands by the cottage gable in the fading light, declaring, "It's a gran' nicht!"

Ever so often he says it, yet he feels its grandeur not at all, for the presence of something grander or better—the maiden Kirsty Grant. Does he whisper soft somethings of her "betterness" while thus he lingered? Not at all. His only communication is the important fact, "It's a gran' nicht."

He would linger, blessed in its presence, but the closing day warns him to be gone. It will be midnight before he can reach his village home miles away. Yet was it sweet to linger.

"It's a vera gran' nicht, but I maun haist awa'. Mither'll be winnerin'," said he.

"'Deed, ye'll hae tae draw yer feet gey fast tae win hame afore the Sabbath; tae o'en be steppin'," she observed, coolly.

"It's gran'," said he; "I wish like Saiturday nicht was like this ane."

"Wi' ye, Saiturday nicht shud maist be lik' Sunday morn, if ye bevil it richt," she said, with a toss of her head—for she rightly guessed that somewhat of the lad's pleasure was referable to herself. "I maun shut up the coo."

"Gude nicht," said "Gude nicht," said she, disappearing into the byre. He stepped away into the muirland, making for home.

"Isn't she smairt?" said he to himself. "Man, isn't she smairt? Said she, 'Saiturday nicht shud aye be wi' ye lik' Sunday morn, if ye bevil it richt?' Was it na a hint for me? Man, I wish I daur spaik oot till her."

ANTIQUITY OF GOUT.—Gout is certainly not a modern disease. It is very frequently referred to in the works of writers among the ancients, and the manner of its mention shows that the distemper has not changed essentially with the passage of centuries. In Seneca's time the Roman women suffered as much as the men, and the cause appears to have been the familiar one, luxurious living. The mummy of one of the Pharaohs was, a few years ago unwound in Egypt, when it was ascertained, by the knotted fingers, that this monarch who lived 3,000 years ago had suffered from gout—indeed, his was a very bad case.

Scientific and Useful.

AN ODD CLOCK.—A Warsaw (Poland) mechanic has constructed a wonderful clock. It is a miniature railway station, where the customary activity of whistling engines, departing and arriving trains and the rush of passengers form an interesting scene at the striking of the hour.

DIRIGIBLE BALLOONS.—A large dirigible balloon, intended to make headway against air currents of 28 miles an hour, is being made in France. It will be similar in form to the La France of 1884-85, but larger—230 feet in length and 43 feet in its greatest diameter. It will weigh 66 pounds per horse power, and will be propelled by a screw in front with a rudder behind.

TO RENDER WOOD UNINFLAMMABLE.—An expert chemist, says that a paint or wash made of skim milk, thoroughly skimmed, and water brine, will render wood uninflammable, and he proved it by experiment. He said this paint, or whitewash, is durable, very cheap, impervious to water, of agreeable color, and, as it will prevent wood from taking fire, urged its use, particularly on roofs, outbuildings, barns, etc.

COMPRESSED AIR.—Careful experiments made in England show that the effect of compressed air on men depends largely on their physical condition and temperament. Those of plethoric habit suffer most. A pressure of two atmospheres does not appear to injure men in good health, and periods of four hours of continuous work are common in air of this density. As the pressure is increased the time of continuous working is usually shortened. Paralysis is the common trouble induced by working too long under high pressures.

DO NOT POKE THE EAR.—If a foreign substance enter the ear under no consideration use anything to poke in the ear. Pour a little sweet oil into the ear and hold it there. Should the body be an insect it will float to the top and can be removed. Should it be a hard substance a stream of warm water from a syringe will soon drive it out, always holding the affected side toward the floor. Should these methods fail consult a physician. Never probe the ear. Many people are suffering from great affliction caused by thus injuring the ear drum.

Farm and Garden.

POISONS.—All the poisons in the apothecary shop of the Good Samaritan Dispensary, New York, are kept in a single closet, with no other medicines. An alarm bell rings from the opening of the closet door to its close.

THE HORSE.—If a horse does not thoroughly masticate his oats put a handful of shelled corn with the oats and the difficulty will be overcome. Give the colts a feed of wheat bran every day. This makes bone. Never strike a colt with a whip unless it is positively necessary and he knows why he is struck.

SICKNESS.—Whenever an animal shows signs of being sick do not allow it to remain with the others, but remove it where it can be quarantined, and there will be less risk of contagious diseases in the flocks or herds. Farmers do not observe this precaution as strictly as they should, but wait until two or more animals are affected before separating the sick ones from those that are well.

FRUITS.—It is not the economical and intelligent fruit-grower who props the limbs of his trees when the trees are overloaded with fruit. The proper plan is to thin out the fruit, and it should be done while the fruit is small. When a tree bends with the great weight of extra fruit it is compelled to do extra duty in supplying food, while the fruit will not be as good as when but a partial crop is borne on the tree. Thinning the fruit gives more attractive fruit and better prices.

BUTTER.—One of the first essentials for preserving milk and butter from souring and turning rancid is a perfect cleanliness of the vessels used. A plentiful use of soda and sunshine will prove beneficial to that end. The more completely all milk and curdy matter is washed out of butter the less will be the tendency to develop a fermentation, which produces a disagreeable odor and a biting taste. Rancidity may be corrected, to some extent, by melting the affected butter, and pouring it into ice-cold water. By keeping fresh butter in a very cool place, covered with pure water renewed daily, it will remain sweet for a considerable time. A still better method is to use water acidulated with either tartaric acid or vinegar. It is also said that sugar in the form of a syrup poured over the butter is an excellent medium for retarding rancid fermentation.

AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER, Bilious Disorders, Sick Headache, &c., are thoroughly cured by Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills. Acting as a general laxative, they remove all irritating and fecal matter from the bowels, gradually change the vitiated secretions of the stomach and liver, and restore these organs to a healthy condition.

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A WORD TO OUR READERS.

There is not a home in the country that would not be brightened and made more beautiful by the magnificent companion pictures offered as a premium by THE POST.

They represent, in the highest and most perfect style of pictorial art, "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA," of which the original is owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N. Y., and "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS," original in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. These Pictures (size 21x28 inches each) are genuine oleographs in beautiful colors, printed on the thickest canvas paper and have the appearance of Oil Paintings, and certainly far surpass anything ever offered in this line. In all the history of art in this country there have never been offered to the public two such grand, artistic, and at the same time patriotic productions.

This latter mentioned picture is the reproduced model from which the new Columbian, United States 2-cent stamp was engraved. The stamp will give an idea of the figuring of the picture—although more than four hundred times smaller,—but nothing can convey an adequate notion of the beauty, variety and harmony of its magnificent coloring.

They are charming as works of art, educational, and, relating as they do to the discovery of our land, possess an all-round interest that makes them both desirable now and valuable as future mementoes and souvenirs. As a memorial of 1892—the year of the four-hundredth anniversary of Columbus landing upon our shores—these pictures would not only be objects of beauty and admiration to the present generation, but also of regard and love in the eyes of those to come. No true Americans who love their country should be without these splendid art works in their homes.

Both pictures are sent to all who send $2.00 for a year's subscription in advance.

The Benefits of Science.

The sequence of events in the present close of the nineteenth century abounds with omens of somewhat disastrous import. In spite of wise writers, who have endeavored to keep the human mind clear of antagonism to either of the two great civilizers of mankind, Religion and Science, there are those who will go backwards—not conservatives or preservatives of the benefits we have secured, but destructives, since they reject the benefits of progress, and will keep looking back to the apparent peace and the dead level of past times. Hence they draw comparisons, always odious, between the two great energizers spoken of, and try to persuade us that one must finally overthrow and destroy the other.

The benefits of science are so numerous that it is difficult to know where to begin. Perhaps we may as well take cookery, since from that art and science sprang medicine and chemistry. It would be hard for any one but an ascetic to deny the benefits of this art.

Indeed the old schoolmen questioned as to who first taught Adam and Eve the preparation of their food, and wisely decided that God did. Undoubtedly He did, since from Him proceeds all knowledge. And any one not an anchorite must acknowledge that the first impulse to the improvement of the race arose from this better preparation of food.

The low stature of savages, their wicked and irate tempers, their cruelty and bloodthirstiness, their lawless lusts and untamable dispositions, have as much to do with food as with their faith, such as it is. The terrible contagious diseases which sweep them away, the skin distempers which render them more like distorted brutes than men, are all owing to their food or lodging. Let us leave this forerunner of the sciences to be represented by its twin daughters, medicine and chemistry.

Upon architecture it would be superfluous to descant. Cleanly and wholesome buildings in the most approved style, with all that the sciences applied to ventilation, warming, and lighting can afford, are now demanded and conceded. But there is another useful science, to go out of the common way, which has benefited man as much as that of the builder—namely, that of the engineer.

Engineering is one of our greatest civilizers. An "easy conveyance of men and commodities from one place to another" is one of Bacon's requisites for making a nation prosperous; and that great people, the Romans, set us an example—admirably followed—when they made road-making their very first duty after they had conquered a nation. From this what is known as civilization, or the manners of the civis, citizen or townsman, followed. Roads are not to be made without bridges, and bridges cannot be built without science. But when these are built and proper roads made, the country becomes a new place.

Roads, bridges, steam, and electricity, what have they not done for us? All tell of an immense expansion of happiness and power for man, the result of Science. But what we have said reveals but little of what it has done.

The art of printing, which revolutionized the world of thought, was certainly not perfected until science, aiding science, discovered the steam-press. And what does that not do now? We by no means think the press perfect. We have often to lament the deficiency and errors of those who write, and the truculent vulgarity of the "press gang," which breaks upon the privacy of the sick bed of the dying to interview them, and which prides itself on reporting wantonness; but the faults it has are not to be compared to, not to be thought of in comparison with, its benefits. By it alone the good and great speak to all the world.

What the philosopher thinks in his closet in New York is after the lapse of some minutes debated in Peking, London, San Francisco, or Melbourne. The culture of the university is utilized and disseminated in the cottage.

Man can no longer be brutal, can no longer tyrannize in the darkness; the press is indeed the palladium of liberty, the guardian as well as the sower of thought. It is ever watchful, it never sleeps; it enters the cabinet of princes; it concerns itself about the drainage of a laborer's cottage; it rises to a higher sphere, and debates the conception of a God.

It is, says its opponents, the apostle of infidelity; it preserves the rhapsodies of a Diderot, the attacks of a Paine, the sneers and persiflage of an Ingersoll. Exactly so; but for every leaf of type these men have shed abroad, ten thousand Bibles have been sown broadcast, fifty thousand earnest tractates have been written, myriads of sermons have been preached, and no slaving drudge of a fairy gnome in the land of fable has ever worked so ceaselessly day and night as hath the press to spread the Word of God in all climates, all seasons, and in every tongue.

Of medicine and chemistry we need not speak, the advantages of these being so obvious.

Not to speak of America, a few centuries ago Paris and London houses were daubed with clay or built of wood; floors were of tile till the invention of the sawmill; no carpets softened the tread, the loom was unpractised; there were no practicable windows, no drains: garbage, filth, mud, and decayed straw were wayside eyesores; fevers, the black death, misery, and quick old age in cabin or in castle, largely prevailed. In Ireland, peas, beans, and even the bark of trees were the only food of man; Science had not yet transformed grass into corn; the cattle were of the size of ponies, the sheep and pigs were like greyhounds.

It is Science, pure Science, that gives us the huge and succulent sirloin and the noble haunch of mutton, that leads the ox with the best food for man, and that, while it makes the animal supremely happy, utilizes every square inch and spare ounce of him. Is this materialism or irreligion? Not a bit of it. The pen that writes it hastens to ask, How is it that neither Turks, nor Hindoos, nor Chinese have come to us, but we Westerns, in our less happy climes, have snatched our knowledge from their blind hints, our chemistry from their alchemy, have made their dry bones live, and have borne back to them with conquering arms our science and our faith? How is it that such life and commotion did not spring from Peru, or Japan, or Egypt, the cradle of Platonic learning, the school of thought, the nurse of literature and dogma, but only from these lands where the True Light shineth?

POETRY reveals to us the loveliness of nature, brings back the freshness of youthful feeling, revives the relish of simple pleasures, keeps unquenched the enthusiasm which warmed the springtime of our being, refines youthful love, strengthens our interest in human nature by vivid delineations of its tenderest and loftiest feelings, and through the brightness of its prophetic visions helps faith to lay hold on the future life.

THE modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearances of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but, as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation.

OF all the loves on earth most like the Divine love is that of the good mother—so unselfish is it, unforgetting, watchful, considerate, free from all jealousy, and desiring the good of her children far more than her own happiness.

EVERY year of our lives we grow more convinced that it is wisest and best to fix our attention on the beautiful and the good, and dwell as little as possible on the evil and the false.

WE live in the future. Even the happiness of the present is made up mostly of that delightful discontent which the hope of better things inspires.

IT is not joy or repose which is the aim of life. It is work, or there is no aim at all.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

DUNCE.—Santiago is the capital of Chili; Valparaiso is the chief seaport.

A. M.—To soften or remove old plaster of Paris, use dilute muriatic acid.

ANNIE.—Victoria and South Australia are two different colonies; Melbourne is the capital of the former, Adelaide of the latter.

DOUBTFUL.—The term "Professor" may mean almost anything. The man is perhaps a conjurer, or a teacher of dancing or fencing, if he is not a musician.

CICELY.—It is nonsense for a girl of fifteen to be talking about lovers. Your parents would be very angry if they knew you had written such a foolish letter as the one you ask for a reply to. Put all such nonsense out of your head for three or four years to come yet, and attend to your studies.

A. J.—1. The spoon should be left in the saucer after it has been used for stirring the tea. 2. The knife and fork should be placed near together and parallel, after having been used. 3. You must address your regrets to the persons who invited you, and send the note as soon as possible after the reception of the invitation.

INTERESTED.—The smallest type used by printers is called brilliant, but it is seldom seen. The type you speak of is most likely pearl, which is the size employed for small Bibles and prayer books. The letters in a compositor's case are not arranged alphabetically, but in a manner so that the letters most used shall be nearest to the hand.

IGNORANT LAD.—Cassiopeia is the name of a constellation; to tell you all about it would take up too much of our space, and probably be a little unintelligible. It is to be seen opposite the Great Bear with which you seem familiar; it has five or six very bright stars looking something like the letter "W" in the sky; once found you will easily recognize it again.

UNDECIDED.—The general opinion is that it is unwise for a man to marry a woman very much older than himself. Of course it is a matter of taste, and there is no reason why all such marriages should be unhappy. One great objection is that a woman is apt to grow old, and leave her husband behind her as time strides on, so that the difference in their ages becomes more strongly marked.

P. F. G.—The noted French fortune-teller Marie Ann Adelaide Lenormand, to whom you refer, died in Paris, June 25, 1843. She was for some time, a seamstress, and had only a limited education. She was of a respectable family. Her popularity is represented as remarkable, and it was maintained for forty years, her visitors being persons of all ranks. She died at the age of 71. She became rich by her calling.

W. U.—Either of the systems of phonography referred to will serve your purpose, but we cannot pretend to state which is the better. Both come highly recommended, and both possess features which no other systems published at the present time can equal. It would be safe, therefore, to get either, and as you progress in the art, you may be able to understand which of them is best adapted to your standard of intelligence.

ELAINE.—A lover should be treated with the same gentleness as a new glove. The young lady should pull him on with the utmost tenderness at first, only making the smallest advance at a time, till she gradually gains upon him, and twists him ultimately round her little finger; whereas the young lady who is hasty, and in too great a hurry, will never get a lover to take her hand, but be left with nothing but her finger-ends.

G. H. S.—To make pencil writing or drawing indelible, the following process is recommended:—Lay the writing or drawing in a shallow dish, and pour skimmed milk upon it. Any spots not yet wet at first may have the milk placed upon them with a feather. When the paper is all wet over with the milk take it up and allow it to drain, and brush off with a feather the drops which collect on the lower edge. Dry it carefully, and it will be found to be perfectly indelible. It cannot be removed even with India-rubber.

O. M. D.—An agreeable person is one who indulges in pleasing conversation, without affecting superiority; treats every one with politeness and consideration, no matter what their station may be; conforms his conduct as far as possible to the company he is in, and is willing at any time to oblige in any way that may be required or requested. Do this, and you will soon become a general favorite. It requires a slight degree of training, but the innate delicacy of the female sex is very quickly developed when a lady associates with companionable acquaintances.

A. L. P.—An Æolian harp consists of a long narrow box of very thin wood, about six inches deep, with a circle in the middle of the upper side of an inch and a half in diameter, in which are to be drilled small holes. On this side seven, ten, or more strings of very fine catgut are stretched over bridges at each end, like the bridge of a fiddle, and screwed up or relaxed with screw pins. The strings must all be tuned to one and the same note (D is perhaps the best); and the instrument should be placed in a window partly open, in which the width is exactly the length of the harp, with the sash just raised to give the air admission. When the air blows upon these strings with different degrees of force, it will excite different tones of sound. Sometimes the blast brings out all the tones in full concert, and sometimes it sinks them to the softest murmurs.

REQUIEM.

BY MARY MACLEOD.

Let her rest; the weary night
Never brought her dreams like this;
Let her sleep; the morning light
Shall not wake her from her bliss.
Glad was she to end the fight;
Death hath conquered with a kiss.

Tired eyes need watch no more;
Flagging feet, the race is run;
Hands that heavy burdens bore,
Set them down, the day is done;
Heart, be still—through anguish sore,
Everlasting peace is won.

The Lady Of Lynne.

BY L. E.

MR. SKRINE, solicitor, of Vellum Buildings, Lincoln's Inn, was not in the best of tempers that morning, as witness his snappish remarks to the office-boy and the junior clerks, as well as his curt acknowledgment of Cleve Hollis' "Good morning."

Cleve knew that he did his work too carefully and conscientiously to have given him any serious cause for displeasure, yet when the solicitor's bell pealed the peculiar ting-ting twice over that was his summons to Mr. Skrine's private room, his pulses began to beat a little faster. Though a just and generally a good humored man, the elderly, gouty lawyer could say very hard and bitter things when angry, and he was angry now, or his looks belied him.

"Sit down, Hollis; I want to talk with you. Have you finished the precis of those papers? Ah, yes; I see you have brought them with you. Have you anything else in hand that Morgan or Smith could finish, supposing you left here at once?

Cleve Hollis turned pale, and mentally reviewed everything he had done and said lately. To be abruptly dismissed by a man so high in his profession as Everard Skrine would do him irreparable injury, and he was not conscious of deserving it

But without noticing his startled air, the solicitor went on:

"You have no objection to passing a few weeks in the country, have you? I want to send someone I can trust to Lynne. Do you know where it is? Lynne is the Sussex estate of my late client, Mr. John Auberon, and was willed by him to his only daughter Marcia, whose guardian, I am sorry to say, he appointed me."

"I have some idea where Lynne is," said Cleve, beginning to breathe more freely; "I wrote out the advertisements when the house was let after Mr. Auberon died, and his daughter went abroad to finish her education."

"Two years ago, was it?" commented Mr. Skrine. "Yes, it must be, for the tenants have just given up possession, and I have arranged that Miss Auberon who is now staying in London, shall go back to her own home for the summer, or part of it. Her relative and chaperon, Mrs. Morris, had had a sharp attack of influenza, that has left her in a very low state of health, and my ward admits that quiet and fresh air will be much better for her than the noise of town."

Admits! That sounded as if Miss Auberon—young, rich, and perhaps pretty—was not very willing to shut herself up in a dull country house six or seven miles from a railway station. But what had Cleve Hollis to do with it?

Mr. Skrine moved restlessly about the room, while his clerk sat mute and expectant, waiting for further directions.

"I should like you to start for Lynne with as little delay as possible—say to-morrow, at latest."

"Am I to hire servants, and have the house made ready for these ladies?"

"Oh, no; there is an excellent old soul in charge of it. I wrote to her last night, and bade her expect you as well as her young mistress. Women are 'kittle cattle,' Hollis."

Of what was this apropos?

Beyond an inquiring look, Mr. Skrine's clerk did not presume to question his employer, so a pause ensued, till the solicitor counted out ten sovereigns and pushed them across the table.

"This is for your journey and any incidental expenses that might press too heavily on your own purse. I send you, Hollis, because I believe I can rely on you to serve me faithfully, and behave discreetly. Am I right?"

"I hope so, sir, but should like to know what you expect from me. At present I am quite in the dark as to the nature of my duties."

"Pooh! you'll not be overworked, of course. Be careful to keep a vigilant eye on the gates and doors, for the house is in rather a lonely position, and Mrs. Morris is a nervous, fanciful woman. I never did hear of any burglaries in that part of the country, but it's as well to take proper precautions."

"Certainly," said Cleve; and then there was another pause.

Was not this a queer office to select for him? An ex-policeman could have filled it as well, or even better.

"You'll send me a report of your proceedings every week, and should you have reason to think I am wanted at Lynne, wire to that effect, and I'll be with you directly. Oh, no, I do not think Mrs. Morris in any danger. I was only speaking generally."

"But what is to be the routine of my occupation?" queried Cleve, unable to restrain a smile. "Patrolling the grounds, and looking after the locks and bolts, will not keep me employed all day."

"Of course not. I had thought of that, though I forgot to mention it, that, just before his death, poor Auberon bought an immense quantity of books, to fit up a library he built at Lynne. It will amuse you to arrange and catalogue these volumes."

Again Cleve Hollis made a mental note of a work that struck him as odd. Was he going to be sent into the country to amuse himself? The notion was absurd; and yet——

But Mr. Skrine was speaking.

"There is one thing against which I must warn you, and that is giving Miss Auberon offence."

"Do you think me capable of doing that, sir?" he was asked, stiffly.

"Intentionally, no; but the young lady has a temper, and I am anxious."

Mr. Skrine hesitated, cleared his throat, and finally began again in a more confidential tone:

"The truth is, my ward fancies I am inclined to take too much upon myself, in advising her to go to Lynne at all; and though she has consented to do so, it is very much against her will. She may, therefore, resent it upon you as my representative; so I say again, steer as clear of giving offence as you can."

"Let me, then, understand my duties rightly. To catalogue and arrange the books in the library, subject, I suppose, to such alterations as Miss Auberon may think proper to suggest; and to protect the house and its occupants to the best of my ability. What else, sir?"

"Well, really, that will have to depend on circumstances. I have recommended you so highly to both ladies, that I hope she and Mrs. Morris will treat you as one of the family; but if she chooses to be pettish or sulky, you have too much good sense and self-respect to appear to see it. There is a snug little smoking-room adjoining the library, and there are three or four horses running wild about the place, that you can ride or drive if you want exercise. By what train will you start? Here's a Bradshaw. Have you anything else to say to me before I go to keep my appointment at the Law Courts?"

No, Cleve Hollis was too much confused by the whole affair to offer further objections, or put more questions to his peremptory employer. He very much disliked the idea of spending several weeks in a house where it was plain that he would not be a welcome guest, and would decidedly prefer London and his regular work, to a task he had never before attempted; but what was the use of saying so?

Moreover, the month was May, the woods and fields wearing their freshest verdure. He should be able to study at his leisure two or four cases of importance he was very anxious to master; and he had no tangible reason to advance for declining to oblige Mr. Skrine, though he suspected that gentleman of withholding his true motives for the arrangement.

It struck him unpleasantly, when Mr. Skrine's farewell shake of the hand was accompanied with a reminder that he was to write every week. If his occupation at Lynne was to confine him to the library, and a nightly prowl around the premises, what could he have to communicate? It certainly did not, and should not devolve on him to report the proceedings of Miss Auberon and her household; and he grew hot and angry at the idea, till it vanished in a laugh at a mental picture of himself thus engaged, with pencil and note-book, a la Paul Pry.

He was received at Lynne with great respect by Mrs. Mary Jones, the decent elderly widow, who, with the help of two strapping daughters, was getting the house in order for its young mistress.

Like Cleve, the widow was a comparative stranger at Lynne, having been sent there after the decease of its late owner, by Mr. Skrine, of whom she spoke in the warmest terms. He had found her on the verge of ruin in consequence of a lawsuit, had saved the remnant of her little property for her, and assisted her in other ways, not the least of which was finding a refuge for her and her daughters at Lynne.

"I have not seen my young lady yet, sir," she told Cleve, while waiting on him at dinner; "but my orders is to expect her at any moment, which is rather awkward with a great house like this to keep aired and warmed, and something always in the larder. But perhaps you have brought me word when she'll be here."

Cleve was, however, as ignorant as herself, and perhaps taken as much by surprise when, quite early on the following morning, a couple of flies, loaded with luggage, were seen coming up the avenue.

He debated whether to introduce himself to the new arrivals and offer his services; but hesitated till he ascertained from the widow, as she ran fussily by, that no man-servant had accompanied these ladies, when he felt justified in stepping into the hall, which, by this time, they had entered.

Mrs. Morris, leaning on the arm of a quietly dressed, foreign-looking maid or companion, was slowly toiling up stairs, leaving a younger lady, fair, slim, and graceful, standing in the middle of a pile of furs, and shawls, and cushions, with a King Charles' spaniel cuddled up in her arms, while she directed the movements of the flymen and a gardener who had been called to help them.

"Pile all the trunks here for the present," she was saying, "and then drive round to the stable-yard. But whatever you do, be sure you don't open the door of the fly till you get there."

By this time the fair speaker had caught sight of a gentlemanly, well-dressed figure advancing towards her, and was eyeing the young man curiously. But ere he could address her, the clumsy gardener disobeyed the command just impressed on him, and out of the carriage, in which he had been kept prisoner, bounded a huge St. Bernard dog, not yet beyond the age and pranks of puppydom.

"Oh, shut him out! seize him! drive him away before he does any mischief," prayed the lady; but there was no chance of obeying. Already Luath was half way across the hall, knocking down one of the men, and crushing and scattering a heap of bonnet and fancy baskets; rolling over and over on the pile of wraps his mistress vainly attempted to defend; and then pouncing on a valuable sable boa, which he seized and worried as if it were a furry snake.

"Wretch!" cried the half laughing, half angry owner, dropped the tiny spaniel in her eagerness to rescue the sable; but only succeeding in grasping one end, by which she was dragged round the hall.

Cleve Hollis hurried to help her, and contrived to slip his hand under the leash around the dog's neck; but ere he could tighten his grasp the huge beast rolled over; his captor, the lady, the boa, and Luath were all in a tangle, from which the puppy sprang up and away victorious, carrying part of the sable with him, but leaving Cleve prostrate, with wicked words on his lips, and Luath's mistress seated on the floor, sundry fragments of furs on her lap.

"I hate dogs!" she exclaimed, emphatically, as soon as she could get her breath. "They are intolerable nuisances. I wish Lord Salisbury or Mr. Gladstone would have them all exterminated."

"Are you quite serious?" slily asked her fellow-sufferer, as he assisted her to rise, for he saw that while so viciously denouncing the canine species, she had picked up the spaniel that came whining to her knee, and was fondling the little creature.

"Oh, one could not be unkind to such a helpless mite as this. Besides, it belongs to Mrs. Morris, who is very fond of it. But I wish I had never seen Luath," she added, ruefully, surveying the ruined boa. "I was foolish enough to accept the tiresome creature when he was offered to me in Germany, and the trouble he has cost me is beyond description. Where can he be?"

Cleve politely offered to go in search of the missing animal, last seen galloping in the direction of a small herd of deer kept in the park.

"Thanks; but if left alone he soon repents and comes back to ask pardon. Luath hasn't a bad disposition. He will hear my call presently," she held up a silver whistle, "and come creeping to my feet, poor doggie."

And bowing and smiling graciously, she ran upstairs, pausing half-way to speak to Mrs. Mary Jones, who met her on the landing.

How different the house seemed already with feminine gear lying about, and this bright young girl bringing life and mirth into it! Instead of retreating to the library at once, Cleve found himself lingering with the door half open to listen to the clear, resonant tones of her voice, which some tricksy echo bore towards him.

"Nothing, thanks, for Mrs. Morris, but an egg beaten in a little claret; we must hope the air of Lynne will give her a better appetite. Anything else will do for the rest of us; we are starving. Oh! by-the-way, who is that gentleman? Not one of the new curates, surely; he does not look clerical enough!"

"It's Mr. Hollis, mem, as the lawyer, good Mr. Skrine, sent down yesterday."

The comment was spoken too loudly for a syllable to miss the tingling ears of the listener.

"A Mr. Hollis, sent here by old Skrine! A lawyer's clerk, neither more nor less! Gracious! and I was so civil to him!"

* * * * * *

All that day and the following one, Cleve Hollis confined himself closely to the one apartment where his avocation gave him a right to be, working at his catalogue fast and furiously to banish from his thoughts Miss Auberon's contemptuous remark.

How mean of her to despise him as soon as she learned his position! She had been charmingly gracious while she recognised in him the gentleman, but when she knew that he was only a clerk, she was unwomanly and cold-hearted enough to regret her civility. Oh! it was the way of the world, or at least the way of spoilt, purse-proud heiresses, and she, alas! was evidently no exception!

However, as the hours went on, he became more philosophical. Miss Auberon should see that he had no desire to presume on the civility she too quickly regretted; he would keep out of her way so carefully she should soon comprehend that he had no intention of courting her goodwill.

After making this determination, it was rather provoking that Luath—having, we presume, made his peace with his justly-offended mistress, and roamed all over the house to find a cosy resting-place—finally fixed upon the heart hrug at the feet of Cleve Hollis.

"No, I'll not have you here!" said the latter, decidedly. "They'll say I'm coaxing the dog to curry favor with the lady, so be off with you, Luath; you're not a dog of good taste to make friends with a despised lawyer's clerk."

This was said aloud, as the door was held open for the puppy to depart; but he only acknowledged it with a beat of his huge tail on the carpet, and from behind the portiere there glided a slim form in a cashmere tea-gown.

Miss Auberon herself, and, by Jove! she must have heard what he said! This was quid pro quo with a vengeance!

Her color had risen, but she kept the long lashes drooped over her eyes, and though he had a suspicion, confirmed by the unsteadiness of her mouth, that they were sparkling with fun—at his expense, of course—her manner was almost haughty in its reserve.

"Mrs. Jones refers me to you, Mr. Hollis, about the post-bag. On inquiring for it, that I may send off the letters, I am told that you have taken possession of it. Can this be correct?"

"It is quite correct that I asked in what way the letters were forwarded to the nearest post-office, and Mrs. Jones brought me the bag; but not having yet had occasion to use it——"

"Ah!" the young lady interposed, sarcastically, "I believe I understand you. Not having yet sent off a report to your employer—but pray proceed."

"Not having gone far enough with my work to be able to report much progress," said Cleve, stifling his annoyance, and speaking as calmly as if he were not inwardly raging, "the bag lies where she left it, on yonder table."

"I will send for it in twenty minutes. Will that give you time enough to get your letters ready, Mr. Hollis? because, after it leaves my hands, a groom will ride with it direct to the office.

This sounded very much like a hint that she thought him capable of tampering with its contents; and Cleve had to bite

his lips to repress a passionate exclamation, and merely answer with a bow.

Still the lady lingered, casting dissatisfied glances about the room.

"Do you regularly sit here?" she inquired.

"I have occupied this room so far, but any other arrangement you like to propose, Miss Auberon, will suit me as well."

"I meant to have placed these books myself," she murmured, turning over some volumes that lay near. "It was a settled thing, in my own mind, at all events."

"It involves some heavy, dusty work for a lady," she was courteously reminded. "But, under your directions, I could——"

"Oh, no; that would not do at all," she interrupted, returning to the ironical tone that grated on him. In that case, you would have to practise the strategy of Dame Penelope, and undo at night what you had done in the day."

"May I ask why?"

"Need you? Is not your task to be spun out as long as your presence here is considered politic?"

The portiere dropped, and Cleve Hollis was left alone, to brood over the taunting speeches, for which he had yet to divine a motive.

Mr. Skrine had warned him that the young lady was troubled with a temper, but this was not the ordinary pettishness of a hasty woman. Either she was arrogant and ungenerous—though who could look at her and credit it?—or else she had some reason for resenting his presence in her house—ay, and resenting it bitterly.

These thoughts gave him such a restless night, that he rose early and climbed to the summit of some downs beyond the village, through which he passed on his way back, just as the pleasant, chatty, elderly clergyman came out of the church, where he had been reading morning prayers.

He remembered the face of Cleve, having been his traveling companion when he came to Lynne, and chatted sociably as they strolled together along the village street.

"So you are at the old manor-house," he observed, "and Miss Auberon has come home? I wish I could have found time to call upon her, but I must defer it, for I start for my yearly holiday in an hour or two. Poor girl! I am very sorry for her."

"Sorry!" Cleve repeated. "Many would say she is to be envied more than pitied."

"Not under present circumstances," retorted the old clergyman," for I am assured that she is truly attached to Lieutenant Clavering, and that his profession is really the only objection that can be urged.

"You see," he went on, his tones becoming more and more confidential—"you see, Mr. Skrine made a mistake in letting them get fond of each other. I suppose the lad, being his wife's nephew, and accustomed to come to and fro just as he pleased, Miss Auberon's guardian forgot that, with his handsome face and scarlet coat, he was sure to be attractive to an impressionable girl. And so during the weeks she spent in London, and Mrs. Morris was ill, the young couple fell in love."

"When Miss Auberon is of age, which will be in a few months, she can please herself. And she will, too!" Cleve added, mentally.

"Very true; but, you see, Lieutenant Clavering's regiment sails for Bermuda almost directly, and her pretty little plan of being married and going with him is knocked on the head by Skrine's positive refusal to consent to it. But there, I daresay you know more about the matter than I can tell you."

"Indeed, I do not know. My employer's private affairs are never discussed at his offices."

"But you are here on guard, to keep the obnoxious lover at bay, aren't you?" laughed the vicar. "Excuse me if I am saying too much," he added, seeing the hot blood rush into the face of his companion, "but Miss Auberon's attachment and her guardian's opposition are no secrets."

"Why does Mr. Skrine oppose the marriage so violently?" Cleve could not resist asking.

"Because he argues thus: 'The young fellow being related to my wife, the world will say I have made the match for my own aggrandisement.' Mr. Skrine is a proud man, and an honorable one, and he prefers to enforce a separation now than to give his ward cause to reproach him by and by for letting her make too hasty a marriage. Perhaps she sees the justice of his arguments, and intends to wait patiently for a few years."

To this Cleve Hollis made a careless response, and, their routes dividing, he bade the old clergyman good-bye.

So the young lady might well regard him as a spy and a sneak, if outsiders did the same, looking upon him as the pitiful hanger-on employed to keep watch upon her actions, and report them to her guardian.

Mr. Skrine had wrapped it up very neatly. The house he averred, was lonely for nervous women, they would need a protector; but not a word was breathed of his anxiety to prevent any farewell meetings between the lovers, not a hint of his actual reason for enjoining his clerk to write frequently.

"And I will write to him at once," muttered the young man. "He has not dealt openly with me; perhaps because he knew that I should decline a post that would necessitate such underhand dealings. He must find someone else to fill it, for I will not."

Cleve dashed off his letter as soon as he reached the house, and then went back to the village to post it, unable to rest until his curt but very decided request to be recalled was actually on its way to London.

In his haste and anger, he did not notice the state of the weather till, as he retraced his way to Lynne for the second time, he began to suffer with such a langour and oppression of his breathing, that he was glad to lean against a tree and rest.

But he did not stay here long, for a storm was breaking over head, and the place he had chosen was too dangerous. Already lightning was beginning to dart across the sky, and the peals of thunder grew louder with every passing minute.

The ground was thickly wooded here, that it was difficult to find a refuge, till Cleve remembered to have noticed, on the hill side, some Druidical remains—huge stones, that might afford partial shelter. He was debating whether to seek this, or brave the large drops now pattering through the leaves, when he saw that he had a companion in misfortune.

Miss Auberon was coming rapidly along a bye-path, through the wood, her aspect expressive of the greatest terror. She ran first in one direction then another. He could see her clasp her hands; he could hear her sob, as he hurried to her aid. But she was too frightened to see or hear his approach; and when a vivid flash momentarily dazzled his eyes, he saw, on recovering his sight, that she had fallen forward, and lay on the ground motionless as the dead.

It was an immense relief to find that she still breathed, and ere long was able to reply, though incoherently, to his anxious inquiries. Presently he contrived to raise her to her feet, and lead her, though slowly, towards the Druid's stones. But still she trembled and shuddered, and hid her face on his shoulder every time the electric fluid lid up the darkling sky; and even clung to him, beseeching him not to leave her when he had found a niche in which she would be partially protected from the torrents of rain.

He snatched off his coat, and wrapped it around her, but she did not seem aware of it, till the thunder began to die away in the distance. Then she took courage to look up, and a faint tinge of color stole into her white cheeks.

"Oh, Mr. Hollis! how good you have been to me," she murmured; "and what a ridiculous baby I have made of myself! But not all Mrs. Morris' lectures—and I'm sure I've had hundreds of them—will cure me of my cowardice. How drenched my skirts are. And you; why, I'm wearing your coat! Really, it is too bad. How shall I thank you?"

"By not thanking me at all, but letting me give you my arm down the slope. The wet makes the short, mossy sward quite slippery; and the sooner you are safe at home, and in dry clothes, the better."

"I hope we shall not meet anyone," said the young lady, ruefully, as she surveyed her light print dress, now discolored with mud; and tried to bend into shape the hat that the rain had saturated into a mass of wet muslin and leaves. "How limp and shivery I begin to feel. Please don't laugh at me, if I confess that I am very much inclined to cry."

Seeing that this was really the case, Cleve hurried her along; and once through the wood, and within sight of Lynne, her spirits began to revive.

"It has been quite an adventure," she said smiling a little at last. "May I never have such another. And most thankful I ought to be that you, Mr. Hollis, arrived on the scene so opportunely. How was it?"

"I was on my way back from the village," he explained.

"Ah, yes; I wanted to ask you a question, and Mrs. Jones said you had walked in that direction. But that was an hour or two earlier."

"I had gone for the second time to post a letter."

"To Mr. Skrine?" and she withdrew the hand that had been resting on his arm. "I guessed as much. You serve him faithfully, sir. You have commenced already the system of espionage you were sent here to carry out."

"Miss Auberon," he began, flushed with annoyance; but she would not hear him.

"Excuse me. I am not in the humor to listen to a defence which would only increase my surprise and disgust that men, who call themselves honorable, can stoop to such measures. Will you be kind enough to walk on? I prefer to be alone."

And her gesture was so imperative, that he could do nothing else but obey.

* * * * * *

When Mr. Skrine answered Cleve's note, it was in most unsatisfactory manner.

"Your letter to hand," was all he said. "Will reply to it in person in the course of a day or two."

Which day or two was spun out into a week, before a telegram arrived to the effect that the solicitor would run down to Lynne on the morrow.

It had been a miserable week to Cleve Hollis, for Miss Auberon had given him no chance of clearing himself from the charges she brought against him.

Neither did he see how he could expect her to believe his protestations. It was an undeniable fact that he had been sent here to prevent the young lady holding interviews with her lover unknown to her guardian, and how should he induce her to credit his assertions that he was not cognizant of it?

"After all, what signified?" he told himself, repeatedly. "What is she to me? If I think her charming, the more fool I! Were I in a position to woo an heiress—which I am not—she is already engaged to another, and no matter how sweet and lovable she can be when she likes, she is not so for me. I will forget her."

To act upon this was the wisest of plans. Cleve carried his desk into the smoking-room, and only visited the library at those hours when no one else was likely to enter it. Frequently he heard voices there, Miss Auberon's, and the deeper tones of the foreign-looking young lady he had seen supporting the steps of Mrs. Morris, and whom he gathered, from some remark of Mrs. Mary Jones, to be Miss Auberon's foster-sister, retained in the household as her play and school fellow during her childhood, and now as her companion and humble friend.

Mrs. Morris recovered but slowly. When the weather was warm enough Cleve saw that a couch or easy-chair was brought out on the terrace, and one morning he saw her being drawn along the paths of the garden in a bath-chair.

The following day, he was summoned to the stable-yard, where Miss Auberon requested his presence. The boy-grooms, who took charge of the long-neglected horses, had brought them out for her inspection, and she made a frank appeal to Cleve as soon as he drew near.

"Mrs. Morris is recommenced carriage exercise; there is a nice little phaeton in which I could drive her, but I am no judge of horses. Are you, Mr. Hollis?—and if so, will you oblige me by selecting the safest? You do not mind the trouble, do you—especially as it is for an invalid? Mrs. Morris bade me say she would be so very much obliged to you."

But did Mrs. Morris bid her employ that coaxing tone, and bestow on him so sweet a smile? Witch that she was! Though she flitted away directly, she let her victim as deeply in her toils as before.

The next morning he was sent for again. Miss Auberon, dressed for walking, was on the terrace, holding a telegram, which she held up for his inspection. It was signed by Mr. Skrine, and read thus:

"Send a trap to Leathley Station to meet the 10.45 train.

"You knew this, Mr. Hollis—you knew he would be here this morning—you have been trying to spring a mine upon us. Thank goodness, you have failed."

"You talk in riddles," he answered, indignantly. "I have not heard from Mr. Skrine since last Tuesday. I had written to request him to send someone to take my place here, being determined not to stay where I was accused—most unjustly accused—of playing the spy. He promised to answer my letter personally in a day or two. I have heard no more."

"Nor written to him again?"

"Nor written to him. Why do you doubt me so cruelly?"

Vexed with himself for betraying so much emotion, he turned on his heel, but the young lady followed him.

"I shall be only too glad" and now she was speaking as earnestly, as pleasantly—"only too glad to find that there was no fountain for the doubts of which you complain. The blame rests on Mr. Skrine if we have wronged you; but coming here as you did, his avowed emissary——"

"For the alleged reason," Cleve interposed, "that this house was in a lonely situation, and Mrs. Morris ill and nervous. Though I may have had a suspicion that Mr. Skrine withheld something from me, I have done nothing to be ashamed of during my residence at Lynne."

"I believe you, Mr. Hollis," she cried, holding out both her hands, "and regret very much that we have misjudged you. Be generous, and not only forgive the past, but come over to our side, and stand between me and Mr. Skrine's wrath, which I am half afraid to meet."

"You forget that I am in the dark as to the cause of it. By chance, I heard some interesting particulars——"

He paused, and looked inquiringly at the young lady who laughed and blushed.

"Then you know that Miss Auberon—by-the-way, it is time I enlightened you on one subject. I have no claim to the name by which you call me—I am not Marcia Auberon, but May Atley, her foster-sister and warm champion, ready to fight all her battles, and help her escape from her guardian's tyranny. Ah! here he comes."

Mr. Skrine stepped out of the carriage, and nodded to both the young people.

"Morning, Hollis—morning. Miss May. How's Miss Auberon?"

"There is no such person now Mr. Skrine," was the prompt reply. "Your ward was married in London yesterday, and sailed this morning in the 'Serapis,' with her husband, for Bermuda."

"And you," Mr. Skrine turned furiously on his clerk—"you have let those jades of girls outwit me."

May Atley instantly placed her slight figure between Cleve and his employer.

"You must not find fault with Mr. Hollis. He has behaved most honorably. We have been horribly rude to him, and kept him at bay, till we felt quite ashamed of the way we treated him. Blame Mrs. Morris, blame me as much as you like. We saw that dear Marcia was fretting herself ill at the thought of the separation you so cruelly enforced, and encouraged her to run away; but don't make Mr. Hollis suffer."

Mr. Skrine knit his shaggy brows, exclaiming:

"Upon my word, Miss May Atley!"

And then the ludicrous side of the affair striking him, he burst into a loud laugh, and May, dreading his ridicule more than his rage, hung her head and ran away.

Some months afterwards, while at Folkestone, where she was staying with Mrs. Morris, Miss Auberon's foster-sister met Cleve Hollis on the pier, and they renewed their acquaintance with mutual satisfaction.

They had much to tell. Mr. Skrine had not only forgiven his clerk, but obtained for him so excellent a post that matrimony was no longer a thing impossible.

So said Hollis, with looks that spoke volumes, and May, blushing, but well pleased, took up the story.

The dear Marcia and her husband were very happy, and in their goodness had settled a nice little annuity on Mrs. Morris, and promised the faithful May a trousseau and a dowry if ever she felt tempted to follow their example. Which temptation is, we fancy, already assailing her, though she insists that she will not be wedded till her foster sister returns to England, and her nuptials can be graced by the presence of the lady of Lynne.

When Young People Grow.—The year of greatest growth in boys is the seventeenth; in girls, the fourteenth. While girls reach full height in their fifteenth year they acquire full weight at the age of twenty. Boys are stronger than girls from birth to the eleventh year; then girls become superior physically to the seventeenth year, when the tables are again turned and remain so. From November to April children grow very little and gain no weight; from April to July they gain in height, but lose in weight, and from July to November they increase greatly in weight, but not in height.

Another "Count," with a propensity for a plurality of wives, has landed on Blackwell's Island. While employed as a waiter in a New York restaurant the "Count" won the hearts and gathered in the purses of several susceptible women, only to abandon them.

The Stolen Diamonds.

BY A. U. W.

THE police records of Melbourne furnish many instances of the perverted smartness of criminals who make the theft of diamonds a special study.

One day a fashionably-dressed young man, giving an address in a "high-toned" suburb, called upon Messrs. Glitter, who are well-known diamond merchants, and have their offices in Little Collins Street.

It was the lunch hour, and the responsible partner in the firm had adjourned some time previously to a neighboring restaurant for the purpose of replenishing the inner man.

A trustworthy clerk was, however, left in charge of the place for the time being, and to this employe the visitor made known his desire to inspect a few unset stones, and, if he were pleased with the show, to make a selection from them. A small case of diamonds was accordingly withdrawn from a safe and placed upon the counter.

Having opened it, the visitor handled its contents delicately, and scrutinized them with the air of a connoisseur. To enable him to do this the more easily, he divested himself of his walking-stick, which resembled a shepherd's crook in shape, placing the end of the curve upon the counter, and allowing the stick to dangle in that position.

The diamonds, however, were not to his taste. There was a too-apparent flaw in this, and the tint of the other was too pronounced. Despairing of transacting business, the clerk, whose suspicious eyes had been keenly exercised during the course of the interview, gathered the gems up and replaced them in the safe.

The visitor, with profuse apologies for the fruitless trouble he had caused, adjusted his gloves, took possession of his stick, and departed.

The partner eventually returning, the circumstance of the visit was related to him, and, although his faith in the carefulness of his assistant was unbounded, he determinded to satisfy himself that all was right, and consequently brought out the tray of diamonds for his own personal inspection.

As he had himself filled it earlier in the same day, and knew what its contents should be, he was startled to find that two jewels, whose value he estimated at about £80, were missing.

There was no doubt now that the visitor had got clear off with these, and, although he had by then had a considerable start, the detectives were communicated with. Two days afterwards the man was arrested, and then found to be a criminal who had done long spells of "time."

At his lodgings was found the "gibby-stick" to which reference has been made. An examination of this article showed that the crook, from its termination upwards for the distance of an inch, had been hollowed out, and that the cavity still retained a quantity of beeswax.

This its manipulator had pressed down upon two of the gems, whilst the attention of the assistant was diverted to his left hand, with which he was lifting some of the diamonds. The gems had sunk into the soft wax in response to the pressure, and in this way the spoil had been removed without attracting observation.

The same individual, it was then discovered, had, upon the identical day of his visit to Messrs. Glitter's, gone to another warehouse and made a similar request. A tray of diamonds had been produced, and this he took in his hands, awkwardly upsetting its contents upon the floor. He did not attempt to pick the gems up, but allowed the attendant to do so instead, that person having to circumnavigate a lengthy counter before he could reach the scene of the spill.

With a thousand apologies, and five diamonds clinging to the waxed soles of his patent leather boots, the visitor left the premises, after the picking up process had apparently been completed.

One evening a gentleman drove up hurriedly in a hansom to the residence of the Hon. Mr. Legislator, in Toorrak, rushed up the steps of the house, and tugged vigorously at the bell.

"Mrs. Legislator," said he to the servant who responded to the summons, "has sent this by me from the ball at the Town Hall, and wishes to have her parure of diamonds instead. I will wait for them. They are in a metal box in the traveling-case in her dressing room."

The "this" was a handsome diamond aigrette. The gentleman was in evening dress, and seemed impatient to return to the festivities which he had just left.

"Hurry up, my girl," he said, thrusting the aigrette into here palm. "Don't keep me here all night. Your mistress had a fad for wearing the parure, and will be on pins and needles until I can get back. You will have no difficulty in getting at it. The traveling case is not locked."

Eventually the housemaid did as she was requested, and handed over the metal box to the gentleman, who rushed back to the hansom and drove away in it, but not in the direction of the Town Hall.

He had hardly gone when the household brougham drew up to the door, conveying Mr. and Mrs. Legislator, each of whom entered the house in a state of high dudgeon. The lady had had a diamond aigrette, worth £300, skilfully stolen from her hair at the main entrance of the Town Hall. Her amazement and satisfaction were unlimited when she entered the boudoir to find the aigrette lying on the table. Then the maid explained the manner in which it had come to be left with her.

But the whole affair seemed only to be rendered more mysterious by the fact of the thief having returned the ornament. When they were informed, however, that he had taken away the metal case, the lady and gentleman remembered a scrap of conversation, which explained everything.

"Oh, what a nuisance!" Mrs. Legislator had said, as she stepped out of her carriage at the Town Hall. "I have left the box with my parure in it in a dressing-case, which I have forgotten to lock."

A smartly-dressed man, evidently bound also for the ball, had stumbled against her at that moment, and had moved rapidly away, after a brief apology. He had gone before Mr. Legislator had had time to respond.

"Don't worry about that. I opened the box the other day and took the parure down to my office, where it lies in my safe. It is more secure there than at the house."

The stumbling gentleman, having possessed himself of the aigrette during the collision, and knowing who the victim of the theft was, and with her remark still ringing in his ear, had immediately formed the plan of presenting himself at the house, producing the aigrette to promote a belief in his bona fides, and of capturing the thousand-pound parure in exchange.

As it happened he only got an empty box, of the intrinsic value of a few shillings.

OFFICIAL CATS AND DOGS.

It sounds comical, no doubt, to speak of Government cats, on truck wages, and subject to promotion like human beings; but the French have such official pussies, and they play an important part in the service of the State. The animals are kept at the five great military ports, where they protect the stores in the commissariat depots, for which duty they are awarded five centimes a day, paid, as one need hardly say, in kind.

Before, however, French officials cats reach this comfortable position, they have to undergo a severe trial. They must make a voyage or two in a man-o'-war, and earn their own livelihood by killing rats in the hold. If they pass through this ordeal successfully, they are promoted to the position of "castors," or sea-port cats. In that capacity they become prodigies of valor until they are badly bitten by a savage rodent, when they are generally seized with an attack of epilepsy, and afterwards refuse to work any more.

There are also official cats in connection with various postal departments. In America, for example, about three hundred are employed to protect the mail bags against the attacks of felonious rats and mice. Their numbers, if not their names, are duly entered on the United States Civil Servant list, and they are lodged and fed at the expense of the country. Sometimes there is an increase in this large feline family, whereupon the "interesting event" is duly made known to the Director-General, who sees that the grant for the maintenance of the animals is increased accordingly.

Cats are also kept in corn exchanges, almost everywhere alike.

"He's a scorcher," remarked the keeper of a place of this kind, referring to a huge tabby. "He goes away for a day or two, sometimes, just to encourage the mice to have a night out, and then he hops in on them, and in the morning I find about a dozen with their heads bitten off."

Official dogs the world has seen in plenty. We have had dogs as sailors and dogs as soldiers—witness those in our own navy in olden times, the mastiffs of the Knights of Rhodes, which could tell a Turk from a Christian by the smell, and the Spanish bloodhounds which took part in the conquest of Mexico and Peru.

The dogs of Finland, in particular, have gained universal celebrity for their services in times of war. Much is expected, too, of the dogs which have in late years been introduced into the German army. They are of the shepherd breed, and twelve of them are attached to every company of chasseurs and other light infantry, under the charge of a sergeant, who trains them. At present they are sent out with patrolling or reconnoitring parties, who jot down the result of their observations, put the paper in a bag suspended round the dogs to be used for finding wounded soldiers. The animals are chiefly intended, however, to assist patrols.

The employment of bloodhounds in the interests of justice dates back to the reign of James I., when, for the pursuit of the border "moss troopers," nine dogs of this kind were kept at the cost of the people of nine Northumbrian districts.

Of the New York fire dogs the most intelligent are "Gyp" and "Spot," both of whom always accompany their respective engines. A few months ago the latter was eating in a house three doors from his station when the fire gong commenced to ring. He at once rushed to the door. As that was fast, he leaped clean through the window into the street, sending glass flying in all directions.

"Spot" has even accompanied the engine when two of his legs have been in splints. The peculiarities of "Gyp" are that he can "hang on with his teeth" to the engine, always maintaining his position, let it rock how it will, and that when the scene of a fire is reached he at once takes charge of the horses, and does not leave them till the driver returns.

We, too, have our fire dogs. Who does not remember "Chance," that adventurous rascal who deserted his master three times in order to share the trials and triumphs of the firemen at Water Street? For years he invariably accompanied the engine on its missions, generally running in front and announcing its coming with a loud bark.

As a relaxation after this exertion he used to amuse himself by pulling burning logs of wood out of the fire with his mouth. His legs were broken half-a-dozen times; but he kept gamely on. At last he was badly injured. Resting in a fireman's lap, he heard the familiar sound of the engine turning out, whereupon he darted forth, and in attempting to jump on it fell back dead. Poor "Chance"!

Even in death he was the fireman's friend, for, having been stuffed, he was raffled for the benefit of a widow of one of the brigade, and realized several hundred dollars.

A SOUTHERN paper publishes the following advertisement: "Wanted—By a young lady, aged nineteen, of pleasing countenance, good figure, agreeable manners, general information and varied accomplishments; who has studied everything from the creation to crochet, a situation in the family of a gentleman. She will take the head of his table, manage his household, scold his servants, amuse his babies, check his tradesmen's bills, accompany him to the theatre, cut the leaves of his new book, sew on the buttons, warm his slippers, and generally make his life happy. Apply in the first place to Miss ——, Hickory Grove, Ga., and afterward to papa on the premises."

FROM ANCIENT SEED.—A gentleman in California has three plants raised from seeds that were found amid the wrappings of a mummy. The mummy was found in an Egyptian sepulchre, where it is believed to have lain 2,000 years. He planted four of the seeds. Three of them came up, and they grew until a plant much resembling a sweet pea had covered the side of the house. It grows high, without leaves, and has a corrugated stem. At the top there is a pod just like a pea pod. The blossoms and the seeds are exactly like a pea plant.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for [illegible] that cannot be cured by [illegible] Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We [illegible] undersigned, have known F. J. [illegible] and believe him [illegible] made by their firm [illegible] & Truax, Wholesale D[illegible]sts, Toledo, O. Kinning, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. [illegible]

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The tracks of the great Atlantic liners between the United States and Great Britain are as accurately made out and followed as if they were built on land, the winter track being some distance south of the summer track, because of icebergs. Over these watery roads the ocean greyhounds travel at the speed of moderately fast railway trains, the maximum attained by the American liner Paris being about 23 miles an hour.

There lately died in Mexico a miner of the name of Monecke. His relatives were unwilling that his body should be interred, as he had tattooed his will over his chest with some red pigment instead of using pen and ink. The Court decreed that the remarkable "human document" should be copied and the representation duly attested in the presence of witnesses. This was done, and the Court has pronounced the queer will genuine.

It is bad form not to lift the hat when passing women in hotel halls or when entering hotel parlors or waiting rooms where there are women, as an acceptance of thanks for assistance or any courtesy that a stranger may offer; also in response to salutations made to those with whom a man is walking or in whose company he is; or at any place or time at which custom makes this easy mark of gentlemanliness and civility appropriate. To raise the hat when passing wherever the dead are being carried out is obligatory.

Not many years ago most American men would have been ashamed to wear a boutonniere. They would have considered it a mark of effeminacy. Now it is becoming one of the most common, as it is one of the most appropriate, adornments of gentlemen, not merely on formal or festive occasions, but during business hours. In itself the wearing of a flower may seem a small thing; but it may have an unsuspected influence in the direction of manners and tastes. And if there were no other consideration, it is a good thing for men, most of whose lives are immersed in the artificialities of life, thus to be brought into contact with a bit of nature, with its manifold suggestions of simplicity and beauty.

As a matter of fact, Frenchmen are about the least democratic people in the world in their social longings and ideals. France is politically a republic, but socially it keeps up most of the characteristics of an aristocracy. The difference between her and America in this respect is prodigious. In the United States it is impossible to find a man with a decoration; in France it is difficult to find anybody without one. In spite of the Revolution, titles are still maintained, and the highest ambition of every bourgeois would be satisfied if he could marry his daughter to a nobleman. The insatiable thirst to put on a uniform of some kind, no matter what, has often been used as a reproach against our Gallic friends.

The question has been raised in the newspapers throughout the country, whether "cousin" was used in the 16th and 17th centuries for nephew or niece. Prof. Rolfe, of Harvard, the Shakespearean commentator, says "that Shakespeare applies it at least nine times to a nephew, seven times to a niece, twice to an uncle, once to a brother-in-law and four times to a grandchild. He also uses it eight times as a title given by princes to other princes and noblemen. In 'Much Ado,' I, 2, 25, where Leonato says: 'Cousins, you know what you have to do,' it is used loosely for relatives in general; and in Luke, i, 36, 58, it is evidently equivalent to kinswoman. A good example of its application to a niece is in 'As You Like It,' I, 3, 44, where Rosalind says to Duke Frederick: 'Me, uncle?' and he replies: 'You, cousin.'"

One evening recently the residence of Refugio Martinez, near Chapultepec Castle, Mexico, was entered and robbed by a band of supposed brigands, who, besides stealing money and other valuables, carried off the young daughter of Martinez. Detectives traced the bandits to New Orleans and located them in a fashionable hotel. The criminal was Louis Salazar, a prominent young man, who was living with the abducted daughter of Mr. Martinez. Salazar was arrested, and made a confession of the whole affair. He states that he was the lover of Miss Martinez, and that her parents opposed his suit and forbade her seeing him. In order to gain possession of his sweetheart he arranged the attack with a party of friends. The girl says she was not taken against her will. They were married on the day following the abduction. The daring young lover and his companions have been placed in jail.

Our Young Folks.

SUCH A DAINTY DISH!

BY L. P.

"I WISH you wouldn't push so!" grunted young Snorty to his brother Tusker, as all three young wild boars lay curled up together in their home—a cave in one of the wild pine forests of Northern Germany.

"Tusker always does take up such a lot of room," squeaked little Wee-wee, the youngest of the family.

"I never knew such a fidgety pig in all my life!" grunted their mamma, who lay flat on her side snoring, but who just opened one of her small eyes and gave a gentle dig at Tusker with one of her tusks, to make him keep quiet.

But Tusker was very wilful, and imagined that he knew better than anyone else. "I'm sick and tired of being cooped up in the nursery like this! I want to go and see things and have some fun!"

"What nonsense the young squeaker talks!" snorted his mamma. "You little know what danger there is in the world. You must wait till you've grown your wisdom teeth."

Tusker felt each side of his mouth with his hoof thoughtfully.

"I think—I'm almost sure—I can feel them coming!" he replied, gazing wistfully at his mother's tremendous tusks, while he still rubbed his lips.

"Rubbish!" snapped the latter. "Shut up, and let us sleep in peace. Ugh! how cold it is!" she added; and little Wee-wee and Snorty crept closer to her for warmth.

The next morning, as soon as it was light, and the family awoke, Tusker began bothering his mother to take them out for a walk. They sallied out into the forest in search of breakfast, and made their way towards a certain patch of oak-trees where the acorns had fallen thickly on the ground.

On the road they met the great white owl, who lived in the old tree above their cave. She hooted a "good morning" to the pig's family.

"How your children do grow!" said the white owl. "Especially the eldest; he's getting quite a big boar."

Which caused Tusker to feel more conceited than ever. He became rude and bullying to his little brother and sister; rustling among the dead leaves for all the largest acorns, taking more than his share.

Tusker was so greedy, and so eager in gobbling, that he scarcely noticed a sudden sound which rang through the silent forest and caused his mother to stop short.

"Hush, children!" she grunted; "be careful, there's a man about!"

And the sound came again; slowly, slow blows as of something hitting against the trunk of a tree.

"Pooh! I'm not afraid!" laughed Tusker. "I'm getting quite a big boar, I am!"

But mamma insisted on their proceeding with caution. Snorty and Wee-wee kept close beside her, and Tusker was with difficulty persuaded not to wander too far ahead, when suddenly, in a narrow path, where the brushwood was thick on either side, they came upon a woodcutter, his axe over his shoulder. When he saw Tusker he stopped short, and seizing his weapon with both hands, hit out at the young boar as the other rashly galloped up to him.

His mamma saw Tusker's danger before he was himself aware of it. Putting down her head she charged straight at the woodman with all the pace she could put on. Before he had time to defend himself as to avoid her, the woodcutter found himself bowled head over heels with a large gash in his leg, and his assailant and her youngsters had vanished into the thicket.

The next morning, when the woodcutter, his leg bound up, stood at his cottage door, he saw a body of hunters on horse and men on foot with horns and dogs come up to the woodcutter and asked him for any news of game afoot.

"Indeed, and I can give you fresh news," grumbled the woodcutter. "But yesterday an old sow with three young ones down in the Oak Valley left her mark on me!" he added, pointing to his wounded leg.

"So ho!" remarked a tall fine gentleman, who rode ahead of the party and had approached the cottage. "Those who get hurt by the wild animals I preserve for my own amusement must not suffer"; and he tossed a gold piece to the gratified woodcutter.

The latter took off his hat with a low bow.

"Oh, Herr Baron, many thanks; and may good luck go with your lordship," he added, as the baron with his foresters rode off towards the Oak Valley, over the lightly powdered snow.

For Tusker and his brother and his sister had awoke to find a white world. The snow had fallen during the night, tufting the bare branches of the trees, and coating the brown forms. How the little pig did enjoy themselves as they wended their way again towards the Oak Valley! How they scampered and galloped about in the snow, rustling in it with their sharp snouts, and half burying themselves in the powdery heaps. You could tell the track of the family all the way. While they were busily engaged a roe-deer came flitting by. There was a scared look in her beautiful eyes, and her sides were heaving.

"Look out!" she cried. "There are hunters about!"

Mamma stopped rustling and listened very anxiously.

"I can hear nothing," she remarked. "But perhaps it would be safer to get back to our cave."

"Oh, nonsense!" grunted Tusker. "I'm not going to be mewed up in that old cave all day. I can't hear anything!"

Presently a little hare came by, scared out of its few wits.

"Oh, do take care!" she gasped, sitting up in the snow, and holding up her fore paws in horror. "The hunters are about: I heard them—I saw them. Oh dear! where shall I go?"

And the silly little thing darted off again at random, unconsciously running round in a circle the very way she had come.

And very soon the boars heard noises in the forest, the shouting and crashing of the beaters as they pushed their way through the underwood, following the tracks which Tusker and the others had made that morning in the snow.

Their mother grew much alarmed. In spite of all wilful Tusker's remonstrances, she hustled them away from the acorns into a thick part of the forest, where the evergreen fir-trees made deep shade.

"My dear children, as you value your lives, stay here close. Let nothing induce you to venture out. Remember, that though I have sharp tusks, and can use them too, you poor little dears are defenceless."

Nearer and nearer came the sounds of the beaters—shouting, shaking crashing. Wee-wee crouched shaking in the snow, under the dark firs, but Tusker grew more and more fidgety the nearer came the noise.

"I'm sure you're wrong to stop here, mother," he grunted. "Don't you hear how close they come? We shall all be killed where we lie. I shall make a run for it.

And heedless of his mother's imploring warning, Tusker, followed by Snorty, bolted into the open.

Unperceived by them, and sheltered behind the broad trunk of an ancient oak, stood the baron. The moment the little pigs broke covert he raised his rifle to his shoulder. Then followed a sound the like of which neither Tusker nor Snorty had ever heard before—a short, sharp—bang!

Snorty, scared, twisted sharp round and sought shelter with his mother under the fir. But Tusker did not return; he lay stretched motionless in the snow.

* * * * * *

There was a great dinner at the castle in honor of the baron's birthday. His little son had been allowed to sit up and dine. His eyes wandered off from the table to the huge sideboard loaded with dishes. Among them was a very odd one—a pig's head, with plums for eyes, an apple stuck in the mouth, and a wreath of green leaves adorning his head. The baron noticed his little boy's look.

"That is a young wild boar I shot the other day, son-kin. Isn't it a fine one?"

"A nice fat pig!" said the little baron. "I should like a bit, please."

And so they carved a piece of Tusker's cheek for him.

Members of European royal families are said to be large holders of real estate in the United States. Among the investors are said to be Queen Victoria, the German royal family, and the Czar of Russia. It may be that these aristocratic personages are preparing for a possible rainy day.

A FINE OLD GENTLEMAN.—"31 July, George Kirton, of Oxnop-Hall, Yorks, Esq., in the 125th year of his age; a most remarkable fox hunter, after following the chase on horseback till 80; till he was 100 he regularly attended the unkennelling the fox in his single chair. And no man till within ten years of his death made freer with his bottle."

TOYS AND GAMES OF THE PAST.

If we examine some of these old-time toys preserved in museums we shall see that they are very much like those in use at the present moment. There has been, of course, a wonderful development; the children of to-day have magnificent dolls with beautiful wax or porcelain heads, and eyes that open or shut as the doll is supposed to be either awake or asleep; there are some, even, that can speak and sing just as though they were alive. Then there are all kinds of animals, some of which are made to perform clever tricks; and little working models of steamboats and railway engines, and hundreds of other clever contrivances too well known to need describing.

The children of Ancient Egypt, Rome, and Greece had none of these treasures, but they had their toys which, doubtless, were prized and valued by them as greatly as are those of to-day by the children of all nations. Some of the dolls of those early days in Egypt are made of clay. Others are formed out of hard stone, whilst some are constructed of wood with movable heads, arms, and legs, which must have been considered quite a wonderful performance. Besides dolls of all sizes, there were pretty balls made of palm leaves and covered with skin; bronze and wooden toy birds that nodded their heads; toys made of stone or clay in the shape of fish, dogs, lions, and other animals; drums, cymbals, whistles, and numerous other playthings.

It is curious to note how some of the games of the early ages have been handed down to the present time. The game, for instance, known to most of us as "Odd or Even" was also a favorite of the young Egyptian, and many of the little counters that he used are still preserved in the British Museum. There is also the game of draughts, which was played on a chequered board in the earliest times. The poor children were content with draughtsmen and boxes made out of rough pieces of clay; but the richer ones usually had beautifully carved lion-headed draughtsmen and boxes.

The young Greeks, too, were well provided with toys and games for their amusement. The toys were chiefly dolls made of baked clay—the arms and legs being jointed with string and, therefore, movable. They had a favorite game called "Chytrinda," which has been preserved through many ages, and is now played by boys of to-day under the well-known name of "Pum in the Corner." In France the game is called "Quatre Coins" or four corners.

Both in the old game and in the modern version, five players are required, one occupying each of the four corners, while the fifth player stands in the middle. In Ancient Greece he wore an earthen pipkin on his head and was called "Pot"; in France at the present day he is the "Nigaud" or simpleton, and by us he is called "Pum." To guess the number of fingers another held up was also a favorite amusement, and this, too, is frequently played at the present time. So you see how carefully the character of the amusements and the playthings of the very earliest ages has been maintained in the toys and games in use to-day.

Some curious toys have been invented during the present century. The inventor Vaucanson who constructed the mechanical flute-player, also invented a toy duck, which became talked about all over Europe. It was so well constructed that at first sight it was difficult to distinguish it from a living bird.

In the year 1809 at Vienna a large top representing a performing trumpeter was exhibited. On being set in motion, it played all the cavalry calls in use in the Austrian army, then a march and other music. The figure then retired, and in a few minutes reappeared in the dress of a trumpeter of the French Guard. It then played French cavalry calls, and two or three marches in a full and rich tone, which, it is said, was not equalled by that produced from a trumpet by human lungs and lips.

In the Indian Museum you will see a very strange toy, which was specially invented for the amusement of a cruel Indian prince. After the conquest of Seringapatam, a number of tigers were found in the palace yard; they were ordered to be shot for fear of accidents. In consequence was the large and singular toy belonging to Tippoo Saib. It is rudely carved out of wood, and represents a tiger, roaring and about to devour a British officer, who lies helpless under its claws. In the interior is a kind of organ, which was turned by a handle and produced notes intended to represent the groans of the tiger, and the moans of the victim.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Iowa raised 220,000,000 bushels of corn last year.

It is said that 28,000 patents were issued last year.

The streets of Rome are shortly to be lighted by electric lamps.

A 15-month-old hog at Francis, Fla., tips the beam at 580 pounds.

Only two Americans, it is said, were naturalized in England last year.

The better class of the Philippine Islanders smoke cigars a foot long.

The cost of a full dress uniform of an English Cabinet Minister is about $600.

A family consisting of four members live in a dry goods box at Holly, Michigan.

Over a million pounds of twine are used every year by the Postoffice Department.

William Heard, of Taliaferro county, Ga., who is 26 years old, is said to weigh but 60 pounds.

The population of Ireland in 1891, according to revised returns recently issued, was 4,681,958.

In New York city over 100,000 women earn their own living, three-fifths of whom support whole families.

Denmark allows every subject, male or female, who is 60 years of age, a small pension. Only criminals are excepted.

Mr. and Mrs. David Wells, of North Coventry, Pa., have been married for 68 years. They claim to be the oldest married couple in the State.

There are several dozen men in New York city who earn their living by catching rats. They are mostly employed by hotels, clubs and restaurants.

An English sparrow, it is said, flew into a store at Port Carbon, Pa., lately, and alighting upon an open money drawer, seized a dime and made its escape.

As oranges have been recommended as a preventive of cholera, it is pleasant to learn that the Florida crop this season promises to be the largest ever known.

For the first time in the history of Belgium, it is said, the principle of a monetary compensation for breach of promise of marriage has just been established.

Jesse Padgett, aged 65 years, and Nancy Tate, 60 years of age, both inmates of the Douglass county, Georgia, almshouse, were married in that institution a short time ago.

An Italian who lately committed suicide at Santa Rosa, California, left a statement to the effect that he had no education, and that a man without one had no business to live.

Sir Alfred Stephen, the ex-Chief Justice of New South Wales, is in his 92d year; yet he keeps two of his daughters busy for hours daily taking his reminiscences from dictation.

The largest sheep ranch in the world is said to be in the counties of Dimmet and Webb, Texas. It contains upward of 400,000 acres and yearly pastures from 1,000,000 to 1,000,000 sheep.

Mitzler and Lehman are rival butchers of Goshen, Indiana, and the former is suing the latter for damages, claiming that Lehman hung crape on Mitzler's front door, causing serious injury to his business.

4070 miles of railway were laid in the United States in 1891; 3009 miles are now partly completed or under construction, and surveys have been completed on 2458 miles, and 431 miles are projected but not yet surveyed.

A burglar forced an entrance into a building at Carthage, Missouri, the other evening, only to find a card hanging to the knob of the safe giving full directions how to work the combination and a cordial invitation for the robber to help himself.

Domenico Nocchia, an old brigand and murderer, who had spent 60 years in prison, was recently liberated in Italy. He is 80 years old, and four murders, and robberies amounting to the extent of over a million francs, are credited to him.

It has been discovered that the name of the woman who invented starch (for starch, as might naturally be expected, is the invention of a woman) was Mrs. Dinghen van der Plasse. She was the daughter of a knight of Flanders, and lived in the sixteenth century.

Emperor William uses as a paper-weight on his writing desk the summit of one of the highest mountains of Africa. Dr Buchner, an African traveler of some fame, broke the piece of rock from the highest point of Mount Kilimandjaro, which is on German-African ground, and presented it to the Emperor.

The Princess of Wales has inherited deafness from her mother, the Queen of Denmark, but the eyesight of both mother and daughter is exceptionally good. It is on record that a gipsy fortune teller once foretold that the Princess of Wales would hereafter be a queen Empress, that one sister would rule over a large empire, and the other have a queenly title without a throne.

EYES OF GRAY.

BY W. W. LORD.

Where Shenandoah's rippling waters
Murmur on thro' mead and lea,
Murmur on thro' vale and woodland,
There a dear one waits for me.
Though in foreign lands I wander,
Far across the ocean's blue,
Still I ever see before me
Eyes of gray that smile so true.

Other eyes may beam with pleasure,
As the world I wander o'er;
But my heart is ever turning
To my love of days of yore.
Time seems long as lone I wander
From her o'er the ocean's blue;
But my thoughts are ever with her,
Eyes of gray that smile so true.

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

It may not be generally known that four men in every six use tobacco; yet a medical man in Vienna asserts that diphtheria is thrice as prevalent amongst smokers as those who deny themselves the luxury of the weed.

We are told that children's hair grows more quickly than that of adults. Some say that light-haired people are longer lived than their brethren with dark locks, which is not so consoling to the latter, since more than half of the inhabitants of this country have dark-brown hair.

As a rule, women require one hour of sleep more a day than men. Fewer of the latter reach the age of fifty than the former, but afterwards the sterner sex has the best of it. It has also been found that single women live longer than single men, while married women on an average live two years longer than single ones. A woman's chance of getting married is calculated to be only two and a half per cent. when she reaches her fortieth year. As there are still more men than women in the United States, more of the fair sex should immigrate; as it is, four men immigrate to three women.

There is said to be only one sudden death amongst women to eight amongst men. A medical man tells us that the habit among women of biting off the thread when sewing is the chief cause of blood-poisoning.

It seems that twenty-five per cent. of the women of England earn their own living; but one would scarcely believe that there are nearly three hundred and fifty female blacksmiths in England.

Few blue-eyed people are said to be color-blind, and we are told that women as a rule have better eyesight than men; but, on the other hand, three women have false teeth to every two men that wear them. This, we take it, is owing to their great regard for personal appearance, than that the fair sex is more dentally deficient than their admirers.

It is not without interest to note that not a few people living have double rows of natural teeth; while we are assured by an artist that only one person in four thousand eight hundred has a perfect nose.

Though we are told that blindness is on the decrease, it is sad to reflect that three hundred thousand people in Europe suffer from this dreadful affliction. Spain appears to be the greatest sufferer in this respect. An oculist tells us that scarcely one in twenty of watchmakers suffer from weak eyes; and we learn from a doctor that stammering is almost unknown amongst savages.

We hear, on the authority of a recruiting sergeant, that few men have legs of equal length, and that in every thousand men only eighteen are over six feet in height. The conclusion is arrived at, that a man's full mental power is not reached before the age of twenty-five, and the development of talent is most marked between the ages of thirty and forty-five years.

Those who notice the rapid growth of their finger-nails should be happy, for it is considered to indicate good health.

It is asserted that the proportionate number of births in Russia is nearly double that of France; while the German population increases faster than that of any other country.

France has the cheapest rate of postage, but possesses a capital in which it is said more murders take place in six months than occur in London, Berlin, and Vienna together, in twice that length of time; but altogether more murders take place in the United States than in any other country.

The Americans must not be very fond of tea, when they drink eight times as much coffee as the beverage that does not inebriate. A yearly outlay of twenty-five million dollars shows our enterprise in advertising.

Four times more Irishmen reside in the United States than Englishmen. It is more difficult to believe the statement that sixty thousand people in the Emerald Isle speak Irish only; or another, that there are forty thousand mud cabins in that country consisting of but a single room.

Suicide is less common amongst miners than any other class of people; and self-destruction, strangely enough, is said to be most prevalent amongst soldiers.

Sad is the thought that an average of three British seamen lose their lives every day by drowning, and that three hundred British steamers and sailing-vessels are lost at sea yearly. Express trains in Russia rarely travel faster than twenty-two miles an hour.

We are told that the English of our day is considered by a high authority almost perfect, alike for the purpose of the orator, the philosopher, the lecturer, and the poet. There are four times as many words in our language as there are in the French, yet a philologist estimates that the coinage of new words in our tongue goes on at the rate of one hundred annually.

If you wish to increase your chances of life, marry, for, as a rule, married men live longer than bachelors.

A SMILE.—Who can tell the value of a smile. It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns hatred to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest path with gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes lovely woman an angel of paradise.

Grains of Gold.

Death is the waiting-room where we robe ourselves for immortality.

Putting screens in the saloon doors is one of the devil's ways of trying to hide his face.

Man is born barbarous—he is ransomed from the condition of beasts only by being cultivated.

If you promise to meet a man or to do a certain thing at a certain moment, honor your engagement.

Never believe all you may hear; for he who believes all that he hears often believes more than he hears.

The art of living easily with regard to money is to pitch your scale of living at least one degree below your means.

Envy pursues its victims throughout life. It ceases to gnaw only when the grave-worm, its brother reptile, begins.

The best government is not that which renders man the happiest, but that which renders the greatest number happy.

There are persons who do not know how to waste their time alone, and hence become the scourge of busy people.

Never lay out all you can afford; for he who lays out everything he can afford often lays out more than he can afford.

Man spends his life in reasoning on the past, in complaining of the present, and in trembling respecting the future.

If a fool knows a secret, he tells it because he is a fool; if a knave knows one, he tells it whenever it is his interest to do so.

In all negotiations of difficulty a man may not look to sow and reap at once, but must prepare business, and so ripen it by degrees.

Femininities.

The "ghost dance" is an evolution of the phantom party.

Mrs. Astor is said to never pay less than $25 for a pair of shoes.

The washerwoman may be said to live on the products of the soil.

A fever thermometer is made in chatelaine form for trained nurses.

There are now in Paris over one thousand American female art students.

Beauty is only skin deep, but it will get a seat in the street car every time.

There is a good deal of selfishness in refusing to give because we can't do it in our own way.

A young woman in Chicago has lost her reason from the effects, it is said, of being hypnotized.

Father, coming home: "Is Carrie out?" Hopeful: "No, but the lamp is. That Spitkins feller's here again."

Mrs. Nagger: "I would just like to see any one abduct me!" Mr. Nagger: "H'm. So would I, my dear."

A young Ohio girl has suffered so severely from neuralgia that her hair, it is said, has turned perfectly white.

Mrs. Paran Stevens, the New York society woman, receives about 1000 cards to receptions during the year.

Mrs. Lot Ewing, a 25-year-old mother, living at Buena Vista, Georgia, gave birth to her thirteenth child one day recently.

An insane woman was lately arrested in a bank in Detroit while attempting to draw $1,000,000 with blank pieces of paper.

Priscilla: "Jack tried to kiss me last night, and, do you know, I believe he had been drinking." Angelina: "He must have been."

Grace: "My dear, I'd die before marrying that man." Clara, sweetly: "Yes, I think you would. You haven't much chance in that direction."

Fair widow, beseechingly: "Now, Mr. Slade, suppose your wife was to die,—what would you do then?" Mr. Slade: "Call in the undertaker."

Mrs. De Style: "How do you manage to get your servants to wear caps? Mine won't." Mrs. De Fashion: "I hire a policeman to admire them."

The new pastor: "I find the work in this parish very interesting indeed." Girl member: "I should think you might; there are ten unmarried girls to every man in the congregation."

Lemons are used for soap in many countries where they grow. When the men and women of the East Indies want to wash their hands they squeeze the juice of a lemon over them briskly in water until they are clean.

At Chattanooga, Tennessee, while a husband was testifying against his wife in a Justice Court, the wife lost control of herself and gave the husband a beating in the presence of the justice, who, after witnessing the fight, discharged the woman.

The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle are to start about the middle of April on a voyage around the world, and will be away from England for a year. They are first coming to America, and will stay several months in the United States and Canada.

"Look here," said the father of the gentle maiden, as he popped his head into the parlor where the spooning couple sat, "I wish you to understand that I am going to shut off the gas at half-past ten." "All right," said the youth; "for my part I wish you would shut it off now."

A man at Downderry, England, who recently thrashed a man for annoying some women, was fined $50 by the local court, but the women residents of the town at once collected money among themselves and presented him with a handsome scarf-pin and a large check.

Some persons profess to be able to guess approximately from what part of Italy a woman comes by the length of her earrings. Italian carriage lengthen as one goes southward, and in the extreme south of Italy the earrings of the women reach almost to the shoulders.

A fashion paper remarks that "three bands of diamonds worn close about the throat with a large, false buckle of rubies, emeralds or sapphires, is an ornament now much in vogue for evening wear." This is a valuable hint to any one looking about for a trifle for his best girl.

A lady, paying a visit to her daughter, who was a young widow, asked her why she wore her widow's garb so long. "Dear mamma, don't you see," replied the daughter, "it saves me the expense of advertising for a husband, as every one can see that I am for sale by private contract."

A daughter was born to the wife of a Mr. Kuensal, at Waltham, Mass., recently, who weighed but two pounds at the time of her birth. The baby was placed in an incubator, with the temperature at 80 degrees, and she appears to be perfectly healthy. The infant is too small to be dressed and is rolled in cotton.

Masculinities.

It is the elevator boy that gives many a man a rise in the world.

At the age of 30 years lean men generally become fatter and stout men thinner.

A colored vagrant was sold on the block for a specified term at Fayette, Mo., recently.

There are two places where it requires an effort to keep one's balance—on the ice and at the bank.

Van Arndt: "What do you generally take for a headache?" De Swill: "A champagne supper."

Alile, Elihu and Elidad Frank, three brothers, who live at Castle Hill, Maine, are said to average 7 feet in height.

Jasper: "Is intoxication always followed by a swelled head?" Jumpuppe: "Yes, even when a man has been intoxicated by success."

The man who found a five-dollar gold piece remaining in his pocket one morning was indebted to the fact that his wife thought it was a cent.

There is a fortune for the milliner who shall devise a bonnet that can be worn in any part of a church and always present the trimmed side to the congregation.

A prisoner in the Fitchburg, Wisconsin, jail who has had considerable experience as a reporter, remarks that there is more money in larceny than in literature.

"I say, new boy," a youngster was asked on going to school, "have you got an older brother?" "Yes." "How old is he?" "I don't know, but he is just beginning to swear."

A farmer of Fremont county, Iowa, will shortly be tried for poisoning his fifth wife. Since his arrest it has been discovered, it is alleged, that his four other wives were killed in the same manner.

A young man of agreeable presence and desirous of getting married, would like to make the acquaintance of an aged and experienced gentleman who could dissuade him from taking the fatal step.

Kindly old gent: "Well, my little man, what would you like to be when you grow up?" Little man: "I'd like to be a nice old gentleman like you, with nothing to do but walk around and ask questions."

A Bloomington, Ill., woman's conscience so troubled her that she repaid a sum of money of which she had defrauded a business man years ago, with compound interest, or four times the original amount.

Hawkins: "You were on the jury in the murder trial, weren't you? What was the verdict?" Lambson: "Acquittal." "In spite of such convicting evidence? What excuse had you?" "Insane." "What! All of you?"

A Chicago paper says that a man out that way offers his services to the public as a letter-writer, and warrants his epistles "to start a parent's tear, stir the expiring embers of waning affection, and awaken the full ecstacy of a lover's heart."

The tallest man in the Prussian army is 8 feet 7½ inches high. The shortest one is the little son of the German Emperor. The Emperor is so delighted with the contrast that he has had a picture taken of them both, which now hangs in his study.

Until within a year it was a point of military honor with Prussian officers to be schneidig, or cutting, to civilians. But the German Emperor took occasion to suggest to them that they be gentlemen first and officers later. Their manners are now improved.

Samuel and Simms Gammel, who live in Simpson county, Kentucky, are probably the most remarkable twins in this country in point of size. They are 45 years old, and their combined weight is nearly 500 pounds. Samuel weighs 240 pounds and his brother tips the beam at 250 pounds.

The police at Marquette, Michigan, should be supplied with a shooting gallery. Recently a policeman attempted to kill a dog, and, after using all his cartridges and his swearing vocabulary, the dog slipped through a hole in a fence and wagged his tail in defiance.

William J. Cole, a real estate dealer, asked to be excused from jury service in a New York court on Monday, and, after making an inquiry, Judge Truax thus indorsed his summons: "This man is excused from jury duty because his nineteenth little boy is ill of croup and his twenty-first child is not well." Mr. Cole himself is an only child.

In an interview in the London Million a barber explains why hair turns gray. "Gray hair is now so common," said the barber, "that one wonders what it comes from. Young men have it in profusion, and young women are very proud when they have a coiffure in which gray hair has a prominent part. I attribute the prevalence of gray hair to frequent cutting and soap. The doctors speak of inherent tendencies, and old women gabble of early piety; but soap and the barber do more toward taking color and strength out of hair than anything else. The singeing of hair is done to prevent the oils exuding from the ends of clipped hairs, and singeing is in this regard butter. But ammonia-loaded soaps are worse factors."

"SWEEP."

Alcofribas, when he tells of the people who inhabited the two sides of his master Pantagruel's teeth, and who were entire strangers to each other, says: "Then I began to think that it is very true which is commonly said, that one half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth."

In the four centuries since Rabelais wrote, the number of ways in which the world lives has multiplied greatly. What do people generally know of "sweep" as an article of commerce? Even if it is lengthened into sweepings, they will not be much wiser. "Sweep" is rubbish—the derivation of which is probably from rubbage—but it is certainly very precious rubbish. It is a technical term for refuse arising from work done in gold and silver—platinum is only a small matter—whether that refuse is got together by the broom or obtained in more indirect ways.

Forty or fifty industries at the least are dependent on those who deal in gold and silver. Goldsmiths, silversmiths, jewelers, wedding-ring makers, diamond setters, opticians, dentists, photographers, bookbinders, glass silverers, platers and gilders, surgical-instrument makers, secret-springers, watchcase makers, and polishers (for watches), boot-makers (for eyelets), burnishers, pencil-makers, penmakers, brushmakers, pursemakers, wiredrawers, cabinet-makers, lace-men, stick-mounters, button-makers, pipe-mounters, and so on, almost ad infinitum.

The precious metals are not as water, that, spilt on the ground, cannot be gathered again; they are indestructible, and can, and actually do, find their way back—like Silas Wegg's amputated leg—to the source from which they flowed.

Walking about Clerkenwell, the stranger will occasionally come upon a man carrying what looks something like a magnified cheese-taster on his shoulder; it is meant for sampling sweep, and the man is in the employ of a sweep-smelter. Sweep-smelting is a special business, and is in very few hands. It must not be confounded with ordinary refining; native metals of course have to be smelted, but all about gold and silver ores, and the way in which they are purified, can be learned from books.

Jewelers, and those who work directly in gold and silver, save as much as they can of their valuable refuse by literal sweeping. Some nail strips of metal over the cracks in the flooring; others have more complicated arrangements, such as gratings which serve to diminish the amount of precious dust that might be carried away on the soles of the workmen's shoes. There is board-sweep, and lemel (the waste that comes of filing), and turnings (from the lathe), and pumicings (from the polishing done with pumice-stone); gold-beaters have skewings, which are remnants of gold-leaf. Hand-wash of course is worth preserving, and, in fact, everything with which the gold or silver worker comes in contact. All instruments used in refining when they are worn out have themselves to pass through the fire; crucibles and ladles are sure to have gold and silver attachments. The chimneys of furnaces have their sweepings and scrapings preserved and tested. The floor of a jeweler's workroom in the course of years, and with whatever precautions against waste, makes very good sweep. Sometimes the roof of a house acquires an artificial value. Means have been used too, to compel the smoke of furnaces, by forcing it through water and lattice-work, to drop on its way the dust of gold which otherwise it would carry into the atmosphere. Workmen's caps, aprons, boots, blouses; the rags used by book-edge polishers, are worth burning down.

In the old days, when ore was ground in mills worked by horses, the overflowings of the mill so affected the accumulations without, that they were found to be too precious to be used as manure, and became sweep under the genteel name of residue. Gilt-wood, cornices, old artificial teeth, in fact almost everything that has ever had gold in it, has some sort of worth.

It is to be expected that a trade dealing in such precious materials as gold and silver will be assailed by fraud. One of the oldest, easiest, and most profitable ways of creating sweep was by what was called sweating guineas. A file and a little leather bag were all the materials needed. A plump young guinea could spare a few grains to the sweater, and go on its way rejoicing. If it had not been for the gallows, which loomed darkly in the sweater's path, some substitute for a gold currency would have had to be found. Workers in gold are not always careful in leaving the fragments behind. An employer who felt sure he was being robbed, after much watching and investigation, noticed a workman who had acquired the impolite habit of scratching his head. It turned out that his head would have made excellent sweep. The master had some inclination towards getting at the gold by the usual refining process, but mercifully fell back on the brush and comb.

PRESENTED AT COURT.

As soon as it is decided that a young girl in England is to "come out;" and thus proclaim her young ladyhood, the most important thing in all the wide world to her is the Drawing Room at which she is to be presented to the Queen or the Majesty's graceful deputy, the Princess of Wales.

There are so many things to be thought of. First and foremost, her dress. A debutante's costume is the highest creation of the modiste. The etiquette of the Court, which is as inexorable as the laws of the Persian king, decrees that the presentation dress must be white, that it must be quite decollete, and that it must be quite three and a half yards long—that is, it must have a train such as is now never seen on any other occasion.

No other costume can, therefore, be made to "do," and some time before the day of the Drawing Room the debutante must have several long interviews with one of the famous dressmakers. Then a good deal of anxious thought will be given to the choice of a fan, gloves, and a bouquet; for every debutante feels that for the great occasion she must have the very best.

All the while she will be taking lessons from a professor of dancing in the deportment to be observed while in the presence of royalty. She has to learn how to make her obeisances to the Queen and to the dozen princes and princesses by whom her Majesty will be accompanied, while handicapped by the length and weight of her train. For days before the actual ceremony she will probably practice diligently in front of a full-sized mirror, attired in her Drawing-Room costume.

The night before she dreams, of course, of the fearful joy in store for her. Having risen at an abnormally early hour, she rapidly arrays herself in anticipation of that all-important function, the hairdressing. The fashionable coiffeur is, of course, in very great demand on such a day, and an appointment has been made with him weeks previously. He is punctual to the minute, and with startling celerity, and most business-like air, does he weave the fair debutante's tresses into an artistic design, decorating them with the tree feathers which, unbecoming though they are, she dare not dispense with. Then, having adjusted her long tulle veil, carefully drawn on her gloves, and grasped the bouquet which has just arrived, all is ready.

At a signal the whole family, some relatives who have called out of curiosity, and the servants of the household, assemble in the hall, amid ejaculations of "Oh!" "Dear me!" and "How lovely!" One or two members of the family finally fill the poor girl's cup of nervousness to overflowing by whispering all sorts of warnings into her ear as to what she is to do and what she is not to do when ushered into the royal presence. Her chaperone—a lady of infinite knowledge concerning these things—rescues her from these attentions, however, conducts her to the brougham, which drives off amid a half-suppressed cheer of all the shop-boys and nurse-girls of the neighborhood.

They do not drive direct to Buckingham Palace. They often call on the way at one of the photographers in Regent Street or Oxford Street, where preparations are made for the gratification of debutantes and chaperones. After being photographed they partake of some light refreshment, considerately provided by the establishment, as for many hours they will have no opportunity of breaking their fast. They walk back to their carriage under an awning which, while protecting them from a passing shower, has had the effect of drawing to the pavement a gaping and expectant crowd.

To the attentions of the populace the debutante must assuredly steel her heart; for, on approaching the Palace, the carriage will probably be delayed for an hour, or even two, although six vehicles can "set down" their freight before the doors at the same time. All this while a vulgar crowd will be passing trenchant, if good-humored, comments on the richly-dressed ladies patiently sitting in the carriages.

Ascending the broad staircase of Buckingham Palace, the first thing the debutante does is to give one of her pink presentation cards to the footman standing in the gallery above. By this footman she and her chaperone are shown into a large room, with rows of crimson and gold chairs arranged in a semi-circle. From this room the ladies proceed in their turn to the drawing-room where her Majesty is receiving her fair subjects, through a corridor having large mirrors, in which the debutante takes a last look at herself before the ordeal. Hitherto she has been carrying her ponderous train across her arm, but at this point it must be dropped and spread out by one of the stately footmen, so that it gracefully trails the floor.

On entering the drawing-room the debutante is too terrified to raise her eyes from the ground, until a lord-in-waiting takes her card from her hand, and she hears her name, followed by the words, "To be presented," pronounced in dignified tones by the Lord Chamberlain.

She finds herself the next moment standing before the Queen. Her Majesty's kindly face somewhat restores the poor girl's self-possession, and she manages to make the proper obeisance as she raises the royal hand to touch it with her lips. Then, manipulating her train as best she can, the young lady bows more or less skilfully as she passes by the princes and princesses, out of the Presence Chamber, through the Picture Gallery and down the staircase again.

THE ROAD TO FORTUNE.—Civility is a fortune in itself, for a courteous man often succeeds in life, and that even when persons of ability fail. The history of our own country is full of examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we but recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and indeed individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to a stranger, his affability or the reverse creates instantaneously a proposition in his favor, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him. To men, civility is, in fact, what a pleasing appearance is to women: it is a general passport to favor—a letter of recommendation written in a language that every person understands. The best of men have often injured themselves by irritability and consequent rudeness; whereas men of inferior abilities have frequently succeeded by their agreeable and pleasing manners. Of two men equal in all other respects, the courteous one has twice the advantage, and by far the better chance of making his way in the world.

AFRICANS WITH TAILS.—Various stories have been told of the tails of the Niam Niams of central Africa, who have also been asserted to be cannibals. Their tails have been described as smooth and as hairy, as peculiar to the men, and as possessed by the men and women both. The most interesting and circumstantial account of this feature is given by Dr. Hubsch, of Constantinople, who examined a tailed negress. Her tail was about two inches long and terminated in a point. The slave dealer who owned her said that all the Niam Niams had tails, and that they were sometimes ten inches long. Dr. Hubsch also saw a man of the same race who had a tail an inch and a half long, covered with a few hairs; and he knew at Constantinople the son of a physician who was born with a tail an inch and a half long and one of whose grandfathers had a like appendage. The phenomenon, he said, is regarded generally in the East as a sign of great brute force.

Excursions to Washington.

Personally conducted tours to Washington have been arranged via Royal Blue Line, to be run at frequent intervals from New York and Philadelphia to Washington. The next excursion will be on April 6th. For programme, describing these tours, write to Thos. Cook & Son, Agents, B. & O. R. R., 261 and 1225 Broadway, New York, or 331 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

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FRESH PERIODICALS.

"St. Nicholas" for April is a real Easter holiday book and with its beautiful pictures and stories is bound to bring happiness to reader young and old. Published at New York.

The "Century Magazine" for April is a specially interesting number in all respects. Both the reading matter and the pictures are the perfection of taste, interest and value. Published at New York.

"The Cosmopolitan" for April is altogether one of the best issues of this admirable magazine yet given out. With regard to pictures and reading matter it is simply unexcelled. Published at New York.

A PEEP AT TEHERAN.—The general view of the capital of Persia is made almost unique by the great semi-extinct volcano, Demarvend, in the distance, which gives it an appearance of much grander, towering as it does over the valley, with its summit wreathed in eternal snow, and revealing countless lovely tints at the rising and setting of the sun.

One street in Teheran is considerably Europeanized. It is fairly paved, and is lighted by large, coarse candles fixed in the lamp posts. It is known as the Boulevard des Ambassadors, and its width and stately aspect justify its name. At the top of this street is the official residence of the English Ambassador.

This is a stately and magnificent palace, standing in a large and splendid garden, in which are placed the houses of the secretaries, built much after the style of better-class villas.

The greater part of the city is Oriental in type. Dead walls of mud and brick abound everywhere. The streets are mud in winter and dust in summer.

No feature of Teheran is, perhaps, more peculiar than the numerous tiled gates. These structures are covered with elaborate florid tiles, mostly geometrical in shape and filled with centre-pieces illustrative of the mythology of Persia.

There is a deal of gaiety in what is known as "Society" in Teheran, both for the natives of noble birth and the distinguished residents who are the accredited representatives of foreign States. A weekly dinner at the embassy, and frequent receptions at the palace of the Shah, render life in the Persian capital anything but monotonous to the "upper ten."

The bazaars of Teheran are good, and present a wide variety of goods, but they are inferior to the bazaars of Stamboul. Most of the articles offered for sale, which are not products of Persia, are of Russian manufacture. Some few French and English wares are offered for sale, but they are priced at 400 per cent. above the cost price at the place of manufacture, owing to the great charge for freight and to the custom in Persian bazaars of demanding a hundred per cent. profit on foreign wares.

Court etiquette in Teheran is very exacting. The Shah, when out driving by himself, is very polite and unostentatious, but when one of the numerous royal "wives" are out for an airing the people fly, or stand with their faces to the wall until the equipage goes by.

An Austrian general, who was employed by the Shah to instruct the Persian army in military drill and manœuvres, was so polite that he, like the common people, fled to the wall on the approach of the royal ladies, whom he grotesquely saluted with the back of his head!

The ladies, much amused at this act of superlative gallantry, told the Shah, who laughed heartily and made the Austrian general a very handsome present.

WHERE THE BOOMERANG IS USED.—Queensland abounds in wild fowl, and a boomerang sent whizzing through a flock of ducks or geese is almost certain to kill or cripple several. If not, it runs to its owner, and is not lost in the morass. The heavy, sharp, and pointed iron-bark weapon has been known to transfix a man, and certainly knocks over a kangaroo or wallaby, or so cripples a cow that the marauding bushmen may easily come up with it, and use their spears or clubs. Of its origin but little has been learned. The scientists teach that it is an evolution of the stone axes used by all savages, and profess to find the boomerang type in the rude hatchets of Africa and other lands, but a native black recently told the present writer a little story of the boomerang that was much more plausible. It was that in Queensland there is a certain tree, with queer leaves shaped like a boomerang. The sport of the children is to skim the dry leaves through the air, and see them return to the extended hands from which they were sent.

WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES.—Many are interested in marriage anniversaries, and so we give their definitions; First anniversary, iron, fifth anniversary, wooden; tenth anniversary, tin; fifteenth anniversary, crystal; twentieth anniversary, china; twenty-fifth anniversary, silver, thirtieth anniversary, cotton, thirty fifth anniversary, linen; fortieth anniversary, woolen, forty-fifth anniversary, silk; fiftieth anniversary, golden; seventy-fifth anniversary; diamond.

ENOS BARRETT, of Lawrenceburg, Ind., recently purchased a fine horse in Kentucky. The other morning Mr. Barrett found his stable door open and the horse gone. Three days later the horse was found safe and sound in its old Kentucky stable. It appears that, after releasing himself from the Indiana stable, the horse swam the swollen Ohio river and galloped straight inland, never halting until it arrived at its old quarters.

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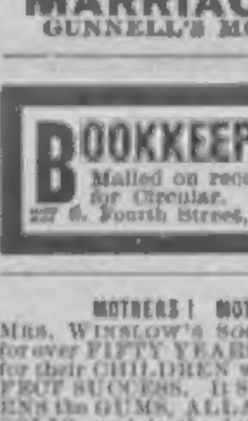

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He gave her a bunch of forget-me-nots
  Before they parted that day,
That he might remain in her memory green,
This fairest maiden that he had seen,
  When fate took her far away.

He called her his darling, his dear, his pet,
And she vowed with a tear that she'd not forget.
He asked if she loved him. She answered, "Lots!"
But she went and forgot the forget-me-nots!

—U. S. SONG.

More Foreign Complications.

"If I only had me hands on the mon that's holdin that dure!"

Base ball is one business that can't flourish without strikes.

The dead are never sick. Consequently all diseases may be classified as affections of the liver.

Gas is as good natured as it is volatile, for it isn't put out when it is turned down for being too bright.

X.: "Is land dear in Italy?" Z.: "No, but the ground rents are awful." "What's the cause of that?" "Earthquakes."

"Pat! Pat! you should never hit a man when he is down!" "Begorra, whas did I worruk so hard to get him down for?"

A man in New Jersey couldn't wait for the train to get to the station and jumped off. His widow sued his insurance company.

"Can't you give me employment, mum?" asked the tramp. "Certainly," said the kind woman; "go chase yourself off the place."

Willis: "That donkey I bought from you kicked me. You said he was safe." Wallace: "So he is. I didn't say you would be, though."

She: "How was your speech at the club received the other night?" He: "When I sat down they said it was the best thing I ever did."

"You played Hamlet last night. Did the audience call you out?" "No, they were too impatient for that. They rushed behind the scenes to find me, but I got away."

Sick boy: "I had nightmare last night awful!" Mother: "Mercy me! I must send for the doctor again. What did you dream?" "I dreamed I got well, and had to go to school again."

"No, Bobby, said his mother, "one piece of pie is quite enough for you." "It's funny," responded Bobby, with an injured air; "you say you are anxious for me to learn to eat properly, and yet you won't even give me a chance to practice."

"Buckle my shoe, Egbert, said a belle to her near-sighted fiancee. Egbert went down on his knee like a true knight, but, as he had lost his eyeglass, his vision was a little uncertain. "Is this your foot, darling?" he inquired. "Yes." "Aw, pawdon—I—thought it was the lounge." Egbert is now disengaged.

Landlady, starting the conversation: "How absurd the ancients were, when we think of it. They actually believed that the souls of the dead entered birds and animals." Brutal boarder: "Nothing absurd about that. Take this chicken we are eating, for instance. It was probably inhabited by the sole of a shoe."

A boy seeking for work one day went on board a ship, and seeing the captain asked him if he would give him some work. The captain, after thinking for some moments, said: "Well, I will give you some work if you can make three ends to that piece of rope." The boy, stooping down, picked up the rope and said: "It has two ends already, and (throwing the rope overboard) there is an end to the rope. Therefore, it has three ends."

Some time ago a Frenchman, an English scholar, was talking about the English language to another French student of our tongue. "The English language is very peculiar," he said. "It has ways of its own, and you must learn these ways. They take time, and you must not be surprised at anything you meet. Thus, there is the name of one of the greatest of English novelists. They spell it D-i-c-k-e-n-s, but they pronounce it Box."

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

I think I never saw such delicate and dainty shades in woolen goods as those destined for spring. They are finer than ever, and the weave is close, and they are quite as durable, and yet they do not weigh half as much as formerly—the ladies' cloth and broadcloths, for instance.

The spring broadcloths are as fine and close as those used for men's dress suits, but women have the advantage over them because the poor man can wear only black, while there is no limit to the color in woman's wear. The richest and most striking of these broadcloths are those in the tan and light browns and the old rose, but there are pale greens and blues, a dusky heliotrope, and there are also some petunia and dahlia shades, besides the usual grays and modes, dark green and blues. The luster and finish to these broadcloths make of them the perfect material for all gowns that are to have the severe outlines of a tailor finish.

Two of this style of gowns have just been finished here by a famous "ladies' tailor," and they are types of the best style in this kind of a gown. One is of made broadcloth cut in a circular skirt, fitting closely over the hips and flaring at the bottom. There is a wide and a narrow band of ruby velvet at the bottom, and the waist is sparingly trimmed with the same.

Two or three persons have written to me asking how these waists fasten in front so as to leave no visible sign, and I will say in reply that they are closed in front in an invisible line, but the line is seen on the real gown. Some fasten on the side, and a very few in the back, but with the present shape of the bodice, with the drooping shoulders, that will hereafter be impossible. The little capelike cape over the sleeves may extend into a sort of bertha across the back or not, just as the wearer prefers.

The mate to the first gown was of pearl gray, with dark blue velvet ribbon as trimming on skirt, sleeves and waist, the ribbon trimming simulating a vest. The skirt was cut in the same fashion—viz., an umbrella form, which gives the right flare.

TYPE OF A SPRING GOWN.

These two gowns are really models, and no one can go astray who copies them in any material except, of course, very thin goods. The style of trimming can be varied to suit the owner. Narrow soutache braid or narrow puffs of silk or velvet would be pretty, but not so durable and not in quite as good taste as a plain, flat band or stitching. Milliner's folds, though, would be very proper if made of the same stuff or other goods as heavy, like ribbed silk or heavy faille.

I saw one dress at a recent opening that was a very dainty and modest gown, and yet it was very dressy and chic. It was of pale green and violet changeable wool twill and had a wide milliner's fold around the bottom for sole garniture. The belt was of the same color as the lower sleeves and the triple revers. It was ribbed silk and of a delicate lilac. There was a sort of guimpe yoke of novelty silk in Persian pattern and colors. The waist was a plain Spencer. Anybody can make these, as they require scarcely any fitting.

A handsome gown, but a very quaint and old fashioned looking one, was of biscuit cashmere with three rows of twisted taffeta silk around the bottom. There was a narrow belt and rosette of the same, and very wide bretelles of the same changeable taffeta, giving the shades of dull green and garnet. This would look well in almost any of the nonwashing goods. The gown buttons in front or in the back, as is preferred.

There really is now the greatest latitude for individual taste in the matter of trimming. Every one can have what she likes. I believe that if one woman were to sew a fringe of clam shells on the bottom of her dress every one would think it lovely, but every one will be wearing lace of some kind in less than six weeks from now, and that will, with jet, be the leading garniture for all garments, supplemented by ribbons.

Odds and Ends.

A FEW POINTS ON WASHING AND DRYING.

The best time for drying clothes, if they must be done in house, is at night, in the warm kitchen; where they may be hung up without harm to anyone, just before the maid retires to bed, and taken down in the morning before the kitchen fire is lighted. This is particularly the time to dry the larger things, like sheets and tablecloths. In some kitchens the clothes can be hung up on cords, which are attached to strong hooks, the hooks remaining always in their places, and the cords being removed when the need for them is ended. But if the kitchen be sufficiently lofty, the wisest plan is to have long wooden laths across it, which are raised and lowered at each side by pulleys and cords. These appliances might remain there always, so as to be used with ease. They should, if possible, be placed high enough up to allow of the ordinary clothes being hung up above the heads of the occupants of the kitchen; and if the tops of the windows be opened the steam will escape, and there will be no danger to them of colds or coughs. The hooks can be used in any kitchen, however low, and the lines when taken down should be put away in a drawer with the other articles pertaining to the family laundry, viz., the ironing-blanket, blue-bag, and the bags for boiling the clothes in, which are sometimes used to prevent the scum settling on them when in the copper.

Let us say something on the question of soap, soda, borax, or paraffin as helpers and cleaners in the process of washing. Soap should be purchased by the bar at all times, each bar cut up into about four pieces, and put up to dry on the top of a cupboard, or anywhere else where it will dry slowly. Even the good soap contains about one-third of its weight of water; and I do not advise you to get the cheaper kinds, as, in addition to the disagreeable smell, it will not do you such good service. Cold water soap is often used to rub on the soiled parts of clothes when they are put into soak in the lukewarm water, the clothes receiving the most benefit when lightly put in and not packed too closely. The same may be said of the boiling process. The household linen and underlinen will not, as a rule, need anything put into the soaking waters, but for the kitchen towels and the servants' washing about two ounces of soda may be added to the water, and well dissolved in it before the clothes are put in. If, however, the clothes require it, about half a pound of soda dissolved in a gallon of boiling water may be used, this quantity being divided between the three soaking pans. Soda, it must be remembered, unless well rinsed out, gives the clothes a yellow color, which cannot be extracted from them.

Borax is a far more valuable cleansing agent than soda, and at the present moment is to be obtained pure and good. Borax softens water, and with no evil effects, and in soaking clothes it loosens dirt in a marvellous manner. A tablespoonful of borax to each gallon of water is the usual mixture for soaking clothes.

Paraffin was discovered to be a powerful and useful aid in the laundry, some years ago, and since then it has had both admirers and detractors. There seems no reason to doubt that with care it is very helpful in saving time, trouble, and expense in the laundry. Where it has failed the failures were owing, I believe, to the employment of cheap soaps and the neglect of skimming the boiling water frequently, as the soap-suds and the paraffin form a greasy compound, which rises as scum to the surface, and clings to the sides of the copper. The inventor's recipe was—Half a pound of good household soap to two tablespoonfuls of paraffin (the ordinary lamp oil). This is enough for an ordinary copper when half full. The linen is not first soaked, but is put into the boiling water, and remains in it from twenty minutes to half an hour, according to the state of the linen. It should be frequently turned over, and the water carefully skimmed. The clothes are taken out, well rinsed in hot water, blued, and dried, no rubbing being needful. There are now many paraffin soaps and other mixtures in the market, and there is no doubt that a new cleansing agent has thus been discovered.

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ROYAL BLUE LINE.

Leave Twenty-fourth and Chestnut Sts.

3.55, 8.20, 9.20, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.35, 6.20, 8.15 (dining car), p m. Sundays, 3.55, 9.40, 11.15 a m, 12.37 (dining car), 3.35, 6.20, 8.15 (dining car) p m.

LEAVE MARKET STREET STATION.

7.30 (Pioneer two-hour fast line), 8.35, 9.30 a m, 1.30, 4.00, 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. Sundays, 8.00, 10.00 a m, and 5.15 p m, 12.01 night. Additional train from Ninth and Green, week-days, 3.45 p m. And for Trenton, week-days, in addition to above, leave Ninth and Green Streets, 2.20, 3.15, 5.45, 6.25, 11.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, 5.30, 10.15 p m. Bound Brook, week-days, 4.31 p m.

Close connections for New York are made at Wayne Junction with trains from Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by local trains leaving Market street at 11.02 a m, 12.32, 3.07, 6.37, 7.59 p m. Sundays, 10.07 a m, 12.42, 3.17, 8.07, 7.57 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.00, 7.45, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.15, 3.30, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 10.30, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

4.10 a m for Reading, Barto, Harrisburg Pottsville, Allentown, Shamokin and Williamsport.

7.40 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley and Perkiomen Roads.

8.35 a m Express for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Carlisle, Gettysburg, Shippensburg and Williamsport.

10 a m for Reading, Harrisburg, Gettysburg, Carlisle, Shippensburg, Lancaster, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Williamsport.

12.45 p m for Pottstown, Barto and Reading.

1.40 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Chester Valley, Pickering Valley, Colebrookdale and Perkiomen Roads.

4 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Allentown, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.20 p m for Reading and Pottsville.

6 p m for Harrisburg, Pottsville, Shamokin, Bloomsburg, Danville and Milton.

7.05 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m. Daily Sleeping car line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport. Connects for Lock Haven and Clearfield, except train leaving Philadelphia Saturday night.

SUNDAYS—4 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Shamokin, Harrisburg.

8.20 a m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Allentown.

8.15 a m for Reading and Downingtown.

9.05 a m, Express for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Shamokin and Williamsport.

5.30 p m for Reading, Pottsville and Chester Valley Railroad.

7.15 p m for Reading and Harrisburg.

11.30 p m. Sleeping Car Line for Pottsville, Shamokin, Williamsport and Beech Creek Railroad.

LEAVE NINTH AND GREEN STS.

FOR BOSTON, via Poughkeepsie Bridge, New England Night Express (Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car) leaves Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 6.20 p m, and Ninth and Green streets at 6.45 p m every day.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO, 9.30 a m, 8.25 and 9.30 p m daily. The 9.30 a m train has parlor cars to Buffalo, and the 9.30 p m train sleeping cars to Buffalo Niagara Falls and Toronto.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.10, 8.00, 9.30 a m, 12.00 noon, 3.00, 5.05, 4.30, 5.30, 6.45, 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 10.30 p m. Sundays, 6.30, 9.00, 9.30 a m, 5.45 and 8.25, 9.30 p m, and Bethlehem only 9.30 p m.

For Schuylkill Valley Points.

9.10 a m for Reading and way points.

11.30 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

1.35 p m for Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg and Branch Roads.

4.35 p m for Reading and Branch Roads.

Sundays—11.45 a m for Pottstown and Barto.

5.40 p m—for Pottsville, Harrisburg, Ryers, Barto and Allentown.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves, Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, 2.00, 3.10, 4.05, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Returning, leave Atlantic City, week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 2.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00 and 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.30 p m.

Parlor cars on all express trains.

Brigantine week days, 8.00 am, 5.00 p m. Returning, 7.25 a m, 3.20 p m.

Williamstown, Glassboro and Mullica Hill, 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.30, 5.45 p m. Sundays, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Clementon, 8.00 8.30, 11.00 a m, 4.00, 4.30, 5.45, 6.30, 7.30, 11.30 p m. Sundays, 8 a m, 2.00, 4.30 p m.

Blackwood and Greenloch, 8.30, 9.15, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 4.45, 6.30 p m, and 11.30 p m on Thursdays and Saturdays only. Sundays, 8.30, 8.30 a m, 4.45, 6.30 p m.

FOR LAKEWOOD.

3.45 p m, week-days only. Fast Express, without change; Parlor Car. Way trains (change cars at Winslow Junction), week-days only, 8.30 a m, 4.30 p m.

For Vineland, Bridgeton, points on Maurice River Railroad, 8.30 a m and 4.30 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, northeast corner Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 609 South Third street, and 18 South Fortieth street, West Philadelphia, and at the depots.

Reading Railroad Transfer and Cab Service. Passengers and baggage promptly conveyed.

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